

Published MONTHLY. BEADLE'S NOVEL Series, NUMBER 68.

DIME NOVELS

THE CHOICEST WORKS OF THE MOST POPULAR AUTHORS.



THE BRIGANTINE.

NEW YORK:

BEADLE AND COMPANY, 118 WILLIAM ST
General Dime Book Publishers.

THE OLD FORT!

Beadle's Dime Novels, No. 77,

TO ISSUE TUESDAY, JANUARY 31st,

Will comprise a highly exciting romance of the frontier and plains, viz.:

QUINDARO;

OR,

The Heroine of Fort Laramie.

By the author of "The Silver Bugle."

Here we have the old fort and its romantic history revived in a story of singular beauty. The author writes of what he knows, giving us such transcripts of life on the Plains as make the pulses beat the quicker. The dreaded Sioux finds in the hero and his companions a foe as subtle, brave and enduring as himself; while, in the character of "the heroine of the fortress," we have a creation at once picturesque, original and delightful. The element of a mother's devotion adds a touching interest to the exciting action, and renders the story one of varied excellence.

~~At~~ Sold by all Newsdealers; or sent, post-paid, on receipt of one, TEN CENTS.

BEADLE AND COMPANY, General Dime Book Publishers,
118 WILLIAM STREET, New York.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864,
by BEADLE AND COMPANY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United
States for the Southern District of New York.



A TALE OF 1673.

THE BRIGANTINE;

OR,

ADMIRAL LOWE'S LAST CRUISE.

BY DECATUR PAULDING, U. S. N.

NEW YORK:
BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
118 WILLIAM STREET.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by
BEADLE AND COMPANY,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of New York.

(No. 674)

THE BRIGANTINE.

CHAPTER I.

DUTCH NEW YORK.

It has been said that "coming events cast their shadows before," but, little did the peaceful burghers of 1673 dream that their rude settlement on Manhattan Island, with its little fort of forty-two guns, was to swell and increase till it became the wonder of the older world, extending itself over the hill-capped island till, gradually assuming a gayer and mightier form, it burst in all its grandeur, and aspired to its merited station—the metropolis of a great and powerful nation. New Orange, as it was then called, and the title by which we shall designate it throughout the following pages, was situate on the southern point of the island called Manhattan, or Manahatchanienks. It is well known that the present powerful city of New York owes its birth remotely to the enterprise of Schipper Hendrick Hudson, and more nearly to the activity and perseverance of those never-to-be-forgotten sturdy sons of Holland, Schippers Hendrick Christiaanse, and Adrian Blok, of Blok Island memory.*

* Holland, under the name of "The States General," was at that time in the height of prosperity, extending her commerce to the remotest nooks of lands then unknown to the rest of the civilized world, and her flag floating in the breezes of polar and tropical climes, seemed to breathe the defiance, "Veni, vidi, vici." She plowed the waters of every sea with an adventuresome keel, and as the reward of industry, perseverance, and adventure, was acknowledged to be undisputed mistress of the ocean. The "City of the Isles," which had first obtained supplies from the East and scattered them over all Europe, had gradually, through a succession of years, lost her enriching monopoly, but to pour wealth into the lap of Portugal, under the auspices of that truly enterprising monarch, Henry "the navigator." Lisbon was then the great mart of all the Eastern productions, and so continued to be under Philip II, till the war with England was commenced. At the commencement of this war, the English, no longer able to get their supplies of spices and other Eastern commodities from Lisbon, were obliged to apply to the Dutch, who furnished them at three times their price, and thereby made a speculation which enriched many of the good burghers, at the expense of their English friends. But

In 1623 the settlers at Nieuw Amsterdam commenced a fort which was to be the terror of all foreign powers, but which, unfortunately, advanced so slowly that, ere its completion in 1635 or '36, the little *Dorp* had more than trebled its population. At length the fort was completed, and frowned upon the waters of the peaceful bay in all the majesty of conscious might. It was looked upon by the honest burghers of that day as a *chef-d'œuvre*, with its forty-two little fourteen-pound cannon, four towers, one at each angle, and two gates, one opening to the southward upon a sloping plat of grass, the other upon present Broadway to the northward. This specimen of field architecture was situate about the north end of the Bowling Green, and at the opening of our story was called Willem Hendrick. There were then several large sycamore, elm, and apple trees around it, a favorite resort of the citizens as a lounge, where, upon benches under each tree, they smoked the peaceful pipe, and related to a wondering audience of "youthes" and "maydes," stories of battles with the Indians, and of witchcraft in the East. Now and then a gray-headed old man, laying aside his apathetic listlessness, would hunt about in the dark recesses of memory and draw to light some scanty recollections of the Fatherland. The little city itself, after the Dutch fleet had taken it in August, 1673, was comprised within very narrow limits.

soon (on the revolt of the Netherlands from Spain) Philip closed his ports against the Dutch, and seized their vessels then lying there at anchor. But this state of things was not of long duration, for honest Mynheer, after looking about a little, and smoking a pipe or two, aroused from his lethargy and determined that his galliots should aspire to the honor of the "long voyage." Accordingly, ships were fitted out and dispatched to India, where treaties were stipulated with the natives, and colonies planted, which soon increased to the thrift of prosperity, and eventually resulted in the expulsion of the Portuguese. Thus the wealth of the Indies, which once appertained to Venice through the Saracens, afterward to united Spain and Portugal, finally fell into the hands of the Dutch East India Company. Through this company, all Europe, even England included, received the supplies which their necessities demanded. With more than two hundred ships they explored the unknown seas of China, penetrating even to the Celestial Empire, and venturing still further upon the rude inhospitalities of Japan, that *terra incognita*. Thus they acquired dominion over the sea and became a great and powerful nation. It was then, when the States General were at the summit of glory, that Hendrick Hudson was dispatched to find a north-western passage to India; failing to do which, he chanced to fall in with our little island, the scene of the following story.

From his favorable report, the abovementioned Schippers were sent out to make a settlement, which they effected in the year 1624, by building four little shantees, near the site of the present Bowling Green, and dignifying the little "dorp" with the imposing title of New Amsterdam, after their great commercial city at home.

A wall of wooden piles extended from about the intersection of present Pearl and Wall streets, along the line of Wall street, quite over to Lumber street, and there terminated in a small redoubt built of mud, and beautifully decorated with clam-shells. Beyond these points, on the east and west side, the Groot and Salt rivers had not yet been encroached upon. The building of houses and wharves west of Lumber and east of Pearl street, has been done in later years, by filling up these rivers with the hills which have been cut down in grading the streets. Persons living on Pearl street used to keep their boats secured to their houses for convenience. Even the promenade ground on the Battery is all reclaimed ground; for, in the times of which we write, there was a fierce ledge of rocks protruding their bristling backs from the water, in the very center of that beautiful ground, and were then styled "Peter's Ledge," from the fact of one Petrus Ten-Broeck having lost his boat there one dark night, and being obliged to mount astride the rock till relieved by the guard at the fort, who were summoned by the vociferous appeals of said Petrus. What is Broad street now was then a *canal*, or inlet of water, walled up on each side with a narrow *trottoir* on either bank, sufficiently wide to allow foot passengers a pathway. This inlet, which had been made to resemble as much as possible a canal, partly for the purpose of imitating the fatherland, partly from the headstrong disposition of the waters, and partly with the design of facilitating the transportation of goods landed on the mole below, to the stores of the owners, was the resort of all boatmen employed in and about the city and on the Groot river, as well as of the country trading boats which brought produce to the market, then standing in Broad street, a little above Exchange Place, then called Garden street or alley. Broad street was called the Here-Graft, or Gentleman's canal. Another canal ran along the line of Beaver street (then Princess street), intersecting and crossing the Here-Graft. The houses were good old-fashioned houses, built of red Dutch brick with tiled roofs, standing with their gable-ends toward the street, like unto a man with his back to his company. The houses lay altogether on the eastern side of Broadway, the lots on the western side running down to the river without buildings, but then occupied

by the Governors as a garden and feeding-place for deer. Beyond the city walls were the Bouwerijs and King's farm. Thus much for the city to enable the reader to understand our narration.

CHAPTER II.

IN LOVE AND IN JAIL.

BEFORE a large two-story house, built in true Dutch style, standing in Princess street, on the Canal, were two negroes sweeping the *trottoir*, enlivening their morning's labor with a catch in broken English, and now and then addressing each other as occasionally some bright idea shot athwart the curly pate, which Peter must tell to Augustus with the seasoning of a good broad negro laugh. Two large sycamore trees were jutting out from the side of the *trottoir* nearest to the house, and bid fair to dispute ere long with the foot passenger the possession of the walk.

"But what you tink," said Peter, resuming the thread of conversation which had been interrupted by the passing of a boat in the canal, in which were four English sailors and an officer, "what you tink, uncle 'Guss, 'bout Missey Evvy; you tink she lub dis Cap'n Vinsunt, eh, ole niggur?"

"Don't know, Pete, don't know," replied the sagacious Augustus, with a knowing shake of the head, which put his "don't know, Pete," at once to shame, "ole niggur mustn't tell *all* he know."

"Cum, uncle 'Guss, you needn't be afeard of ole Pete, no how. Ole Pete neber tole of 'Guss and Missey Dinar when dey went for hunt eggs togedder in hay rick, eh, ole niggur? choogh—hoogh!" and the secret-keeping Peter indulged in a long, loud obstreperous burst of merriment, to the great discomfiture and annoyance of his sable ally.

"Hooh! you Coromanchee black, what for you make such big noise?" said the downcast Augustus, at the thought that his wooing had been witnessed by Black Pete, the blackest negro and most notorious gossip in the colony. "'Spose you

want make a muss, Pete, and go for to tell ole Missis, eh?"

"No, no, uncle 'Guss, Pete know better dan *dat*. But, come now, ole niggur," said he, in a conciliating tone, drawing forth at the same time from the capacious pouch of his gaddigskins two pieces of fine leaf tobacco, which he had purloined from his master's pouch: "Pete got two piece ob real gen'leman's sort; you tell Pete what you know bout Missey Evvy and Cap'n Vinsunt, and he giv ole 'Guss one piece."

The eyes of "uncle 'Guss" rolled about with a peculiar twinkle at sight of the delicious weed, as he extended a huge ebony paw to receive the wages of disclosure. No sooner had he grasped the prize than he pitched upon Peter in the bitterest tone of invective.

"Ha! you, Pete, where you get him, eh? Niggur stole him, eh? Gooch choogh! You no keep dark bout Uncle 'Guss and Missey Dinar, ole 'Guss tell Massa Von Brooter! Pete go poney den, eh, ole niggur?"

"Gorry, Uncle 'Guss," said Peter, rolling about his orbs in pure astonishment till only the whites were visible: "Gorry, uncle 'Guss, you play niggur mean trick," and with a yell that might have startled the solitudes of Africa, with upraised broom he rushed upon the deceitful Augustus. But uncle 'Guss had watched the first burst of passion, and slyly retreated toward the gate which opened on a path leading to the side of the house, and from behind which he manfully returned all Peter's blows—with this advantage, that, while Pete's broomstick fell upon the fence at every blow, his rung a full change on the scone of the luckless besieger. At this moment the original cause of this combat made their appearance, issuing from the side-door of the house, in the persons of a male and female. The female evidently was of the gentry. Her dress was composed of a light silk, open on the breast, to display a fine linen cambric stomacher, beautifully wrought with curious workmanship of flowers standing out in bold relief. The upper edge of this stomacher was trimmed with the finest production of Mechlin's curious art, (so much coveted at the present day,) and very broad. A ruff of three folds of like material with the stomacher, very finely quilled, and trimmed with a very narrow edging of lace, served partly

to conceal a neck of exquisite proportions. The sleeves, which were tight, terminated in fine ruffled cuffs, overhanging a small white hand, the fingers of which were glistening with gems of other climes. The dress itself was much longer in the skirt than was then generally worn, falling in graceful folds nearly to feet delicately small, and cased in white silk stockings of very fine texture, which were again covered by calf-skin shoes very similar to those worn at the present day. On the head was a small cap coming three quarters of the way to the forehead, and fitting very closely. The female was in person of a middle stature, and truly lovely. Such was Elvellynne Montford, or, as the old domestic styled her, "Missey Evvy."

Her companion was a man of commanding stature, fine face and soldier-like mien. England had stamped her impress on his brow, and declared him at once to be a Briton. His dress was a naval uniform of a Captain's grade, made of fine blue broadcloth, slashed at the sleeve, from beneath which peeped a delicate ruffle around the wrist—the outward mark (in those days) of gentility. His nether garment was confined at the knee by a large golden knee-buckle, on which was engraved a coat of arms, and displayed a leg of finely-formed proportions. Below the knee, the limb, as was usual, was not covered with a large top-boot, but merely encased in black silk stockings and light pumps, which, like the breeches, were confined by a sparkling buckle, but of smaller dimensions, though bearing the coat of arms.

"Hoooh, Gorry, dar come Missey Evvy and Cap'n Vinsunt," involuntarily exclaimed Peter, slinking along the *trottoir* till hid by the building, while "uncle 'Guss," unable to effect a precipitate retreat, betook himself busily to his former occupation with the broom.

Captain Vincent had already proceeded half way to the gate when a silvery voice arrested his attention and he returned. Elvellynne was still standing on the "stoop," and bade him tarry a moment while she went in the house. A minute after she returned with a large camelot cloak, which she playfully threw over his shoulders, to conceal his uniform while passing over to the redoubt where lay his boat. This was a necessary precaution, for an English officer in the heart

of an enemy's settlement was open to abuse as well as imprisonment if detected by the authorities.

"But, but you would not, Elvellynne," said the young man, half endeavoring to shake off the garment, which she as obstinately replaced, "you would not have me wear this cumbersome cloak, on this hot September day!"

"In luck, though, I would," replied Elvellynne; "and I mind, sir knight, that it be not doffed till you are once more safely on the decks of the *Greyhound*, which, if you again desert to come and visit me, I will betray you into the hands of Governor Colve, and have you imprisoned in the old Stadt Huys."

"I am already your prisoner," replied the young man, in a tone of gallantry; "but, really, there is no danger, no necessity whatever of this disguise. No one will molest me; and if they do, why I have, you know, a good Andrew Ferrara at my side. No, no, Elvellynne," continued he, "I shall reach my boat in perfect security, for you know I traversed the city from thence to this place but a few hours since, and that, too, without meeting even a scowling brow."

"Ay truly, Charles, but that was before daylight, when, if you had met any one besides the watch, you would not have had light enough to discern if they had any brow. You must, indeed you must, bold Captain, surrender, and submit to be conquered this time by a woman;" and so saying, Elvellynne stooped, and taking up the old cloak which the Captain had thrown down, once more placed it over his shoulders, and with a good hearty smack, (for, gentle reader, that was the custom of 1673!) bade him adieu, and turned within the house.

The young man with a bad grace submitted to the infliction of the cloak, for a few moments, and then, having seen his fair protectress fairly within the walls of the building, again threw the offensive garment from him, and giving it in charge of the two slaves, not forgetting a small *douceur* of coin, betook himself with rapid strides along the *trottoir* toward the westerly side of the town. As he passed by the termination of the canal in Princess street, (now Beaver,) his eye rested upon the form of him who had a few moments before attracted the attention of uncle Guss and black Pete. He was a man of apparently about fifty-five years of age, a fine face,

and powerful frame. The stranger had just stepped from his boat, and was buckling to his side the sword which had lain during the passage up the canal on the thwart before him, when Captain Vincent first spied him. For a moment the young man's suspicions were aroused, and he involuntarily stopped with his gaze fixed upon the stranger.

When the object of this scrutiny, having made fast his sword, turned towards the *trottoir*, he too seemed seized with some sudden wonder, and in turn, gazed upon the young man, but with very different emotions. He was fixed with astonishment at seeing a man in the uniform of an English Navy Captain in apparent security, roaming through the heart of an enemy's city, for England and the States General were then at war; while Captain Vincent thought he recognized in the stranger the person of a notable pirate who was at that time infesting these waters, and whom he had once before met boldly traversing the streets of Boston. His gaze was met by an unquailing eye. Thinking that he might be mistaken, and, at the same time, reflecting that he was in the midst of a hostile power, the young man proceeded onward.

Turning out of Prince street into the Broad-way, he came directly upon the fort and Governor's house. Several soldiers were lounging about, leaning upon the fence of the Governor's garden, within which, pacing up and down, was the Governor himself. Admonished by these sights, that he was not in exactly the safest place in the world, and buried in a reverie, wherein Elvellynne Montford, a country seat on the Thames, and sundry other little matters held prominent place, the young man was not aware of the approach of three soldiers, till one of them, tapping him on the shoulder, intimated that the Governor would speak with him. His first impulse was to lay hand on the sword whose boasted aid had been his reliance; but, seeing that all around was peaceful, and reflecting that the Governor only wished "to speak with him," he turned towards the garden, not liking the distribution of his companions, one of whom walked on either side, and the third behind him with a fixed bayonet. Reaching the garden he was accosted by the Governor, and confronted with his own boat's crew (under a guard of soldiers), which crew he supposed till that moment lying beyond the redoubt.

Under a file of soldiers the young man, with his boat's crew, was marched along the docks to the Stadt Huys, or City Hall, then standing at the head of Coenties slip on Pearl street. As they were filing out of the garden gate into the Broad-way, Captain Vincent could not avoid casting one longing look toward Princess street, and thinking of the ill-fated cloak which, had he worn, as Elvelly ne desired, might have screened his person from notice till he should have been warned by the absence of his boat's crew of his danger. As he looked up the Broad-way, his eye caught the form of a female standing on the corner of Princess street, which his fears at once told him was the person of Elvellynne. He looked again to make "assurance doubly sure," but the form had vanished, and he was left to his own thoughts. A thousand times he cursed his folly: first, for having entered the enemy's stronghold in a glaring uniform, and again, for not complying with the maiden's advice concerning the cloak. His knowledge of the Dutch language was slight, but still sufficient for him to catch the words "spy," "sent over," "England," "hanged," from which detached fragments he gathered the very comfortable intimation that he would probably be tried, condemned, and hanged, as a spy. In no very enviable state of mind he entered the Stadt Huys, and was conducted to the council chamber, there to undergo an examination.

The Governor and his officers soon arrived, and taking their places the prisoners were brought forward for examination. Some member of the court suggested that the prisoners be examined separately, and have, after their examination, no communication with the rest. This suggestion was at once adopted. Accordingly, Captain Vincent, as the principal prisoner, was first brought forward. The examination, which was long and severe, and conducted principally under the guidance of Governor Colve himself, resulted, much to the satisfaction of all, that the prisoner was a spy, and, as such, had been taken within the very walls of the city. Justice, and particularly military justice, in those days, was sometimes very summary. Vincent looked around, and heard murmurs of approbation at the decision; he feared lest, without further investigation, he might be led out to the first tree, and there,

at once, receive his quietus—which, by the way, was no very pleasant contemplation to a young man of twenty-four, who, half an hour before had been thinking of a country retreat on the Thames, a lovely wife, and “other little things.”

He felt half inclined, at the expense of his feelings, to declare to the court the object of his coming into the city, and then, when the declaration trembled upon his lips, the idea of subjecting the name of Elvellynne Montford to be bantered about in the public mouth, and perhaps to be the theme of ribaldry and jest among the rade soldiery, as often deterred him.

There was a commotion in the court among those nearest the door, and soon the cause of it made his appearance in the person of Alderman Von Brooter, a member of the Common Council, guardian of Elvellynne, and owner of the good old Dutch mansion, where we first met the Captain and Elvellynne on the “stoope.” Puffing and blowing, up came the Alderman, pipe in mouth, and, stumping up to the seat of the Governor, begged permission to address the court; which being granted, he deposed that Captain Vincent, commanding his Majesty's (Charles II) sloop of war *Greyhound*, had come ashore that morning with peaceable intent, and with no other purpose than to pay his respects to his ward, Elvellynne Montford. The good Alderman went on with his deposition, and after a long speech, concluded by begging that the court would dismiss the prisoner in peace, with a present of pipes, to remunerate him for the indignities suffered. At first it was thought that the Alderman's suggestions and deposition would have great weight with the court in its decision. All had been carried away by the good man's speech, and were enlisted as strongly in behalf of the prisoner as, a few moments before they had tilted against him.

But, expectation was, for once, disappointed; even the prisoner's countenance became momentarily overcast, when he was remanded for further examination on the morrow. At this critical moment, there was a second commotion in the court, caused by the opening and shutting of a large door immediately fronting the Governor, and the stately form of Elvellynne Montford was seen moving up the chamber till confronted with the judges. Her dress was the same as that

In which she had, a short time since, parted with her lover. She cast a look of half-love, half-reproach at the officer, as she passed up the space involuntarily opened to her, tacitly upbraiding him with having neglected her advice. Her deposition was very similar to her guardian's, but touching more remotely upon those delicate points which the good Alderman had stumbled headlong into;—still, in substance, the same. Having concluded her attestation, Elvellynne sat down, nearly exhausted, nor could she be persuaded by her guardian to leave the chamber, till some final decision. The court, at first, was staggered by so strong and respectable a corroboration of testimony, but, after wavering a little, again attained its balance, and a second time remanded the prisoner “for further examination on the morrow.” This was equal to a sentence of death, as all were aware, and no sooner was it pronounced than, with a tearless eye, though blanched cheek, the stately form of the maiden was again seen passing down the long chamber with unfaltering step, till hid by the large iron-studded door. A slight quiver of the lip was discernible as she passed by the nearest of the spectators, and once, but once only, Vincent thought, as she passed by and turned upon him her full, beautiful eyes, he could distinguish the slight sound of a tremulous sigh. The prisoners were conducted to strong cells beneath the council-chamber, and the court adjourned to convene on the morrow, and pass sentence of death on the intruders and spies.

CHAPTER III.

ADMIRAL LOWE.

WITH the same stately step and look of determination, the maiden traversed the narrow streets, till she arrived at the mansion. Passing over the very spot where, three hours since, she had parted with her lover, Elvellynne entered the house, and proceeded through certain curious crooked by-ways, known only to Dutch architects, till a small door arrested her

progress. This she opened by means of a key which hung at her girdle, and, entering the apartment, carefully closed and locked the portal behind her. She threw herself into a large arm-chair, arrayed, and resting her head on her hand, gave way, not to tears, but to serious reflection.

The apartment in which she was seated was small, and so altogether unlike the apartments of those days, that we deem it necessary here to say a word concerning it, in order that the reader may the better understand any scene which might hereafter occur in this *petit boudoir*. The little room was in the north-west corner of the house on the first story, and the windows both on the north and west looked out on a spacious garden which ran along present New street, then called Nieuw-straat, or stradt. One of these, the one looking westerly, was open. The floor (which was very uncommon, since even the Governor's floors were sprinkled with white sand) was covered with a soft carpet, which betrayed no approaching footfall. The furniture was a perfect curiosity, being made of mahogany, and elegantly plain. A large scroll sofa stood in one corner, with hair cushions. On the couch was a volume of Spenser's Faery Queen, still lying open, and near by a small stand of French workmanship, on which was lying some very ancient music, and that most difficult of all instruments to perform on, an arch-lute. In one corner of this elegant retreat, stood an upright book-case, containing a collection of lore which an antiquary might envy. Near by the old arm-chair, stood a diamond-shaped table, scattered over whose surface lay books, some articles of needlework, and a small box containing the implements used in female workmanship. Near one of the sharp angles of the table stood a small silver bell. Cushioned *tabourets* were scattered promiscuously about the chamber, on one of which the maiden was now resting her foot. In this little retreat, Elvellynne was wont to pass her leisure hours, giving herself up to the delights of literature, or finding employment in some delicate piece of workmanship. Here, too, she was wont to sit in silent reverie, and think of her lover, and of the happy hours they had spent together, while roaming over the smiling provinces of "sunny France." This little abode had been granted her by her good guardian, to be exclusively her own, and she

had fitted it up after her own taste, with furniture brought from Europe. Here she could retire when sorrow pressed upon her heart, and, unmolested, could sigh and wish for better times.

Elvellynne Montford was a child of misfortune, for her parentage was unknown, even by herself. At the tender age of four years she had been left at Alderman Von Brooter's house one evening, by a young Irish sailor, with a note written in the English language, in which Alderman Von Brooter was charged to guard and watch over her, and send her (so soon as old enough) to Europe, for the purpose of receiving the best education which could then be had. Inclosed within the note was an order on one of the largest merchants in Amsterdam, for 11,000 pounds sterling, (or about 50,000 dollars which the good Alderman looked upon as rather a hoax, but which, nevertheless, he determined to draw for, together with some information concerning his little *protégé*. Accordingly, by the first ship, the order was sent, and by the next ship, to the Alderman's no small wonderment, duly came the sum drawn for, together with a letter from the merchants, stating that the sum mentioned had been placed in their hands shortly before, subject to his (Alderman Von Brooter's) draft; farther than this they knew nothing. Here was a mystery which all the burgher's efforts were unable to solve; and his zeal at length being wearied, he determined to let the matter rest, and act according to the injunctions laid down in the anonymous letter. The little Elvellynne grew to be a beautiful girl; by her winning graces and ready conceptions, she completely captivated the good man's affections.

At the age of ten, the guardian determined to obey his directions and send her to Europe, to be instructed by the most expert masters of the day. At the time of her introduction to the reader, Elvellynne had been but eighteen months returned, after perfecting her education, and was in her eighteenth year. It was after her return that she had fitted up the little abode where we last saw her, and where, for the present, we shall leave her.

Turning out of Princess street and proceeding along the Here-Graft, on the *trottoir*, we come to an old-looking house

of one story, with a very high pediment roof, standing on the corner of Garden street, (now Exchange Place,) and fronting on the "Here-Graft," or Broad street. The house is evidently a public one, or ferry-house, as the crowd of idlers about the door and within the tap-room indicates. An old sign in the shape of a boat, of the true Dutch build, with two oars twice the length of said boat, is lazily swinging on its cracking hinges, to the gentle breeze. The building itself is composed of rusty Dutch brick, and has but two windows in front, one high up near the garret, and the other by the side of the door, which opens at one corner of the wall. The window below is shaped like a show-case, and glitters with an array of old Dutch bottles, filled with good Hollands, and other liquors.

The front, which we have just been describing, is literally the end, for the building stands with its gable toward the public way. The side on Garden street has a door, with a stoop and a window on either side. Above are two dormer windows, looking out on the moss-clad roof, which is not tiled but shingled. In front of the house, and on the side of the *trottoir* nearest to the canal, stands a post, to which a boat is attached by a rope. Sundry boats are passing up and down the canal, but none like the one we have mentioned, which was clinker built and English modeled. Three or four sailors were at the time of our story (which might be about four o'clock in the afternoon) loitering about the tap-room door, in true English style, cracking their jokes on the slow moving, systematic Dutchmen, and now and then practically illustrating their spirit by treading accidentally on Mynheer's toes, or pulling his low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat over his eyes. This was the "Ferry House," so called, notable for its good liquors, moderate prices, obliging landlady, and kept by one Anne Bonny, more familiarly styled Dame Bonny of the night-cap, from the fact of her head gear being the same both for day and night. Dame Bonny was a good natured, obliging woman of two-score years and five, always ready to help a customer, and always ready to praise her own Hollands. In fact, she kept the best liquors in the colony; and many whispered that Dame Bonny's punchcoons were never landed at the mole, as was then required by law, but found a

nearer way by a short cut to her cellars. Be that as it may, the good dame never found fault with any one, but sold at lower prices than any one else, and better liquors too. Many a brawler might be seen after nightfall, and before the ringing of the great bell within the fort, soberly trudging along the street in the direction of Dame Bonny's little hostelry; but, whether they as soberly returned, it is not our province to disclose. Even the fat, good-natured face of the Alderman was not an entire novelty to the Dame; and she as readily dealt out her gin to the prying authorities as to others, notwithstanding frequent shoulder-shrugging and some whispers.

There was one customer, however, to whom she was more than usually attentive, and for reasons best known to herself. The Dame was standing in one corner of the little tap-room, holding a whispering conversation with one of the before-mentioned sailors, and seemed very attentively listening to the tar, who was very earnest and violently gesticulating, when a thump on the floor of an adjoining room arrested her attention. It could be no ordinary matter that would have sent the hostess thus hastily bustling out of the tap-room, smoothing down her short-gown, and stopping a moment at a small glass to see that her trim, neat-looking cap was nicely adjusted. Another thump impatiently following fast upon the heels of the first, caused the good dame to cut short her toilet and obey the summons. Leaving the tap-room, she passed through a small side-door scarcely large enough to admit her rotund personage, and found herself immediately in the presence of the very customer whom we have mentioned above as claiming more than a due share of her attention.

He was a man of perhaps fifty-five or thereabouts, somewhat of a portly appearance and Herculean frame. Time had grizzled his locks and stamped upon his features the impress of passions which had left deep furrows to mark how fierce had been their power. A small, twinkling gray eye still shone with all the fire of vigorous manhood, and told that the spark within was not so extinguished but that a slight breath would easily resuscitate it. His brow was high and open, though traversed by two deep indentations on either side, commencing at the temple and gradually falling to the inner end of the eyebrows. His dress was a gold-laced coat.

and breeches of the same, confined at the knee, at which point they were met by heavy top-boots. His neckerchief was loosely tied around a finely-formed neck, and his whole ensemble was such as would at once declare him at the present day to be one of those who go down to the sea in ships. He was the owner of the boat floating at the door, and the very personage who had in the forenoon attracted the attention of uncle 'Guss and Peter, and afterward of Vincent himself. He was attentively scanning a miniature when Dame Bonny opened the door. He hastily thrust the toy in his bosom at her appearance, and thus accosted her:

"Ah, Mistress Bonny, you are looking hale and well; time wears well with you; how is little David?"

"Oh, the child is well, sir, saving the bit of a mark! it on his cheek by the hook."

"Ah, that's well, Dame. I was afraid he might have suffered somewhat with the wound. But how is the last run of Hollands: good isn't it?"

"Ah, Admiral, never was there better; but you must try a glass of the same, so as not to forget it. Here, Paul! Paulus Spleutcher!"

"Nay, nay, I thank you, Mistress Bonny, but I have not forgotten the flavor, seeing that I had a brush with a bit of a lugger in getting off, and have now some of the brand on board the *Merry Christmas*."

"But, Admiral, you had better try a little, one little glass," said the coaxing Dame, stepping toward the tap-room door, for the purpose of bringing the liquor in question herself.

"Nay, nay, dame," said the stranger, who was no less a personage than Ephraim Lowe, Admiral of the pirate fleet in these seas, "I thank you again; but I have that on hand which requires a clear head, and would be your debtor if you will keep Paul from imbibing too much of that same Hollands, and send him here, for I have need of him."

The woman took from the table at which the Admiral was seated, the remains of a plate of crackers, and a dish which had contained eggs, and disappeared. This had been his only meal since the morning, and was his uniform diet whenever on shore. Occasionally the Admiral indulged in a very weak potation of Hollands, but very rarely, as temperance in food

and drink was his constant practice. The result of this regimen was, as might be expected, good health, great bodily strength, and a very clear, strong mind, which had enabled him through a long life to avoid the snares set for him, and preserve a stern discipline over the rude men whom he commanded. Ephraim Lowe, (or as he had been jocosely dubbed, "mighty Ephraim," from the fact of his having, unarmed and single-handed, with his clenched fist, struck down a furious bull which was making at him when ashore at Buenos Ayres,) had, from his superior knowledge, great physical strength, and stern, upright demeanor, been appointed by a unanimous voice of the pirates, who had a rendezvous at Barnegat inlet, Admiral and chief commander of their forces, with power to form a code of laws whereby they might be better regulated as to their distribution of booty and arrangements at the different rendezvous. It was thus that he came by the sobriquet of Admiral Lowe.

In a few moments the little door, through which the Dame had vanished, again opened, and the person above alluded to as Paulus Spletcher, made his appearance. He was a tall, merry-faced, shrewd-looking son of Erin; and, like all that tribe, when they get in a dilemma, not knowing how to do it otherwise, opened the interview by scratching his head.

"Ah, the top o' the morhnin' ty yee, Admiral, an' how is it yee ar. Can Paulus Spletcher be of innny sarvice to yee, for it's tired he's ghettin of this divilish land-cruising, and would be afther a taste of the salt say-water agin."

"Good-day, Paul, good-day," good-naturedly replied the Admiral; "so you want to be tripping over the merry seas again."

"Ah, indeed, and it's just that same I'd be afther dooin'; yer honor has hit it exactly."

"But, Paul, you are at present occupied here, and how can you leave? The Dame would miss so good a hand as yourself"

"Och, oogh! the devil a bit would Mistress Bonny be after missing Paul; and she's a good woman, too, that same Misthress Bonny."

"Ah, Paul, it was a bad business that, your leaving the *Merry Christmas* to sail under land colors."

"Indeed an' it was, Admiral Lowe; an' Paul wud like agia to be in the fleet."

"Well, Paul, I must not rob the Dame; but I will see her, and if she wills, you shall be on board the brig ere this time on the morrow."

"Thank yer honor; blissin's on yer owld head," said the grateful Paul, turning to leave the apartment; but the Admiral called him back.

"Paul," said he, "I have something on hand which leaves me to put you on duty. You remember that some thirteen or fourteen years ago, you were charged with an infant child to deliver at the house of a bargher in the settlement—one Oolen Von Brooter?"

"Yes, yes, yer honor, I do; an' by the same token, that she's the swatest lass in the whole colony at this day. Paul has kept his eye on the babby, and there's not a soul in the Orange, fore and aft, that wudn't go to the death for Miss Elvellane. Ooh, Admiral, she's a swate cratur an, she is, minny blessin's on her head; she savel Paul from the powrey and the powst wonst, and when the punchoon in the cellar, bel luck to it, rowled off the skid, and browk my arm, wasn't it she, the darlint, that even came here herself to see Paul, and bring him swates and bandage his arm, an' make him comfortable like? An' she too a stranger to Paul, an' niver laid eyes on him afore as she knowed, only Paul knows that she did wonst afore, and that was when he carried the swate rheud bleugh, and left her at Oolen Von Brooter's?"

"Well, Paul, well," interrupted the Admiral, smiling at the Irishman's affection, and feeling assured that he would go any length to serve the "swate cratur," but at the same time admonished by a small golden repeater lying on the table by his sword that time "was waning apace," "Would you like to do Miss Elvellynne a service?"

"Faix, an' that same wud I."

"Very well, then, Paul, now listen to me, and only answer the questions which I shall put to you, and I will show you how you can tenfold repay all the kindness which Elvellynne Montford has ever shown you." The grateful Paul's eyes glistened with moisture at the thought; and the

Admiral proceeded. "Are you well acquainted with the city, Paul?"

"Yer honor, I am," replied Paul, careful to avoid any unnecessary words, as Lowe had directed him.

"Could you, in an emergency, find stowage for three, so close that the Hoofd Schout, (high sheriff,) if close at their heels, should not come upon them?"

"Faix, Mistor Admiral, and that's what I could by the same token that I have had a little hexperience in the same," (Paul had been an arrant rogue, and given more trouble to the city authorities than any other man in the settlement.)

"Very well," said the Admiral. "But further; do you know the Stadt Huys?"

"Yes, yer honor."

"And the prison cells beneath?"

"Ah, an' it's there Paul's at home, yer honor, by the same token that he's been a tinant rent free thray times widin ayteen months."

"That will do, then, very well. Do you know who Elvellynne Montford is?"

"No, yer honor, ownly that owld Mary give her to me, and towld me where to take her, blessin's on her sowl."

"Well, Paul," said the Admiral, approaching closer to him, "I told you I had something on hand, and something for you to do: now I will tell you what it is. I know you of old, Paul, to be trusty and faithful; for you were able to go to the main track before you were five years old, and never left my ship till three years ago; nevertheless you know the laws of the *Merry Christmas* and the fate of treachery. You remember James Donnoven, the Swede?"

"Aye, faix, an' I do." —

"That is sufficient. Do you know a Captain Vincent, a British officer, who is cruising about in these waters in pursuit of pirates, and commands the *Greyhound* sloop of war?"

"Yes, yer honor; I've sene him at the Alderman's; and a rafe sprig he is, barrin' his trade."

"Well, Paul, this same Captain Vincent was foolhardy enough to leave his vessel last night, and come ashore to see Elvellynne. The authorities have laid violent hands on him, and he is now a prisor'r in the Stad' Huys. To-morrow

there is to be a trial, and before this time twenty-four hours the prisoner will swing from the old tree by the fort, unless rescued to-night; and I have sent for you, Paul, to get him free. You must do it."

Paul started back in astonishment. He knew the Admiral to be at swords' points with the British, and knew that orders had been given out through the fleet, that every Englishman taken should have his nose slit in three places. This rancor had been occasioned by the taking of one of the schooners in the fleet by a cruiser of King Charles, and her crew being all hanged by the king's officers. But here was the Admiral, in the very height of his power—(the pirates were very numerous and bold at that date)—the man from whom the order to mutilate had proceeded, about to undertake the liberation of one against whose whole nation the utmost cruelty and rigor had been declared and exercised. It was this reflection flashing across Paul's mind that caused him involuntarily to start back and exclaim, "But he's a Briton, yer honor."

"True, Paul," responded the Admiral in a determined tone, "but he must be liberated, and that too not for his sake, but that of Elvellynne Montford, whom you will serve more than in any other way by attending to my instructions."

Reconciled to the thought of liberating a Briton by the reflection that he was about to serve his benefactress, Paul lent an attentive ear while the Admiral unfolded to him the existing relation of affairs between Elvellynne and her lover. A plan was formed for the liberation of the officer, and the Admiral again seated himself at the table, desiring Paul to call Jacques, and giving him the parting admonition to "remember the trysting-tree two hours after bell-ringing." With a light heart, Paulus Splencher left the little apartment, and sought out the elderly-looking tar with whom the Dame had been conversing when first summoned to attend upon the Admiral.

CHAPTER IV.

ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT.

ELVELLYNNE MONTFORD still remained seated in the old arm-chair in her little retreat. The sun was just descending the western horizon, and beaming brightly through the open casement, playing around her feet in golden streaks, as if in very mockery of her feelings. There had she sat for four long hours, scarcely changing her position, ruminating over the change that a few moments had wrought in her destiny, and endeavoring to light upon some plan by which she might be of service to her lover. At one time she resolved to go and throw herself at the Governor's feet, and plead with him for that leniency which she had seen him so little disposed to exercise in public. Then she reflected that, if so strong a corroboration of testimony as had been made in behalf of Vincent would not move him, what could the supplications of a maiden effect? Again she turned her thoughts to the prison-house, and exerted all her energies in futile attempts to plan some means of effecting the prisoner's escape. Here, too, she was repulsed by failure. In these mental struggles she passed the time, till the somber twilight had come and gone, and the darkness of night was fast setting in. Every moment was bringing nearer the dreaded morrow, and she shuddered and groaned audibly as she thought of her lover suffering an ignominious death, in a distant land, far from friends and home, and without one friend to soothe his last moments, one consoling word to cheer him. In this terrible state, overcome by her mental exertion, and half frantic with doubt, fear, and perplexity, she suddenly uttered a half-smothered exclamation, and sunk fainting in the chair. The figure of a man was visible at the window peering cautiously around in the room, and in another moment the person of Ephraim Lowe passed into the apartment. Gently lifting the little form of the maiden in his powerful arms, he leaped through the window, and vaulting the low fence, soon stood in the open street.

The Admiral glided around the corner of Nieuw Straat, and emerged upon the *trottoir* in Princess street. Passing down Princess street and in front of Alderman Von Brooter's house, he was met by one of the city watch, already set, who opposed his further progress.

"Ah, what have you there, sirrah?" said the watch, mistaking the white drapery for stolen goods, and the Admiral for a thief. "Come, come, I've got you this bout at last, my hearty," and laying his hand upon the Admiral's shoulder, declared him a prisoner.

"Pass on and leave me unmolested," said the Admiral, in a stern voice; but the watchman, elated with his success at nabbing a thief, and dreaming of the reward which would fall to him, in a summary manner commenced hauling along his prize. The Admiral with one arm pushed him aside and succeeded in passing him on the *trottoir*. But, the sturdy Hollander again seized his prize, and was about to raise an alarm, when Lowe, shifting his burden from the right to the left arm, struck the unfortunate guardian of the night full on the head. The man fell lifeless and never spoke more. The blow intended only to silence had fallen with such force as to crash through the skull, leaving the indentation of four knuckles. Again the Admiral pursued his course, and, unmolested, arrived at Dame Bonny's. Passing through the side door in Garden street, he entered the apartment where we have before seen him, and depositing his burden upon a red settee in one corner, summoned the Dame, under whose hands and kind attention Elvellynne soon recovered.

The Admiral was seated by her, kindly chafing her little hand and exciting Dame Bonny to accelerate her movements. "Indeed, Admiral," returned the Dame, "indeed, I am making all haste; the maiden is doing well and you will soon enough hear the rating of her tongue, when she finds how she came here. But, you *are* a kind man, Admiral," continued the Dame, struck with his solicitude, "and take as much interest in the girl as if she were your own bone and flesh."

A momentary cloud flitted across the pirate's truly fine face, at the Dame's random suggestion; but immediately, the features settled down in an expression of calm melancholy, and he again betook himself more assiduously than before to .

his occupation of chafing Elvellynne's cold hands. While the Dame was absent for some strong salts, Elvellynne opened her eyes, and gradually returned to a state of consciousness. At first she was bewildered, on gazing around the apartment and finding every thing new and unknown to her and a stranger by her side, so familiarly but kindly attending her. Her first question was, "Where am I?"

"Safe," replied the Admiral, and, stooping down he whispered in the maiden's ear a few words. Elvellynne started from the couch with a sudden motion and spoke:

"Prove it," said she, "prove it, and—" here the portly Dame rustled through the door, but, at a wave of the Admiral's hand, again retired. Lowe took Elvellynne's hand affectionately in his own. "You had," said he, "a small locket, with a golden back, on which was inscribed the initials, A. H. Have you the locket now?"

Elvellynne drew from her bosom the trinket and handed it to him. He looked at it attentively for a moment, and placing his thumb on one side, slightly pressed the edge. The back moved on its hinge and disclosed to Elvellynne's wondering eyes, the face and bust of a beautiful woman with a coronet on her brow of strawberry leaves, and a row of pearls above the leaves. The miniature bore a marvelous resemblance to herself, and she gazed on it for a long time in silence. "It's your mother, your own dear mother," at length said the Admiral, producing another miniature, its counterpart, from his own bosom, "and you are very much like her." The old man gazed long and fondly on the features of the lovely girl, and then averted his head with a sigh.

The heavy jarring sound of the old bell in the fort was at that moment heard pealing along the narrow street and warning all good people that it was nine o'clock, and the hour to retire. The Admiral started up, and going to the small door, called Jacques, and asked him if the boat was all ready, and the man within call. He was answered in the affirmative, when, giving the man particular injunctions to be under the bridge with the boat in two hours, he closed the door and again seated himself near Elvellynne. Taking her hand again he disclosed to her the object and original cause of her being in that strange place.

"Elvellynne," said he, "you love Charles Vincent?"

Elvellynne blushed, but firmly answered, "I do."

"And you would feel your heart's wish gratified if he was beyond the reach of danger?"

Elvellynne again replied, "I would."

"Well, then," continued the old man, "listen to what I have to say, and ere to-morrow's dawn you shall see him free."

Elvellynne sunk at his feet, and bathed his hands with kisses and tears of joy. Lowe then unfolded to her his plot and the part which she was to play. Under Dame Bonny's hands she was soon equipped in a pair of thick shoes, hat and shawl, and other articles of cumbrous shape, which the good Dame insisted on her wearing as preventives against cold and the night air. Indeed, if history speaks truly, the Dame pressed upon her acceptance a small pocket fagon of that same vaunted Hollands which she had before looked so lightly, but the maiden gently declined the proffer.

Lowe was pacing up and down the narrow apartment with the habit of a sailor, and casting, ever and anon, an impatient glance at the repeater on the table, which admonished him that the hour was fleeting by, when Paulus Spleutcher made his appearance.

"Come, come, Paul," said the Admiral, impatiently, laying aside his sword and gold-laced coat, and taking from the wall an old-looking garment which he donned, "you are late; you were not wont to be so tardy."

"Ay, yer honor, but I've bin recoiterin', and it's all as still as a hurricane of my own coonthry. There's Slapy Jim has the inner watch, and Spiteful Jo the outer, and slapy cuss it is he'd be by this time, by the same towken that he and I smowked a bit pipe thegither, jist afore the watch."

"What should make him sleepy, Paul?" inquired the Admiral.

"Troth and becuse," replied the quick-witted Irishman, "I spiced his pipe."

"Spiced? spiced?" repeated Lowe, not understanding him. "what may that be, Paul?"

"Faix, and only that I mixed up a bit opium with the tobaccy."

The Admiral smiled, and Elvellynne complimented Paul on

his ingenuity. The Admiral left the room for a moment, passing into the little tap-room beyond, where, on the floor, lay stretched three swarthy-faced mariners, fast asleep. A third was sitting in a corner, apparently keeping a watch and regaling himself with a good Dutch pipe. Him the Admiral, stepping noiselessly over the sleepers, accosted by the name of Jacques, bidding him to arouse the crew and prepare for departure.

It was midnight, when three figures might be seen stealthily passing along the *traverse* which flanks the Here-Graft. An athletic man led the little party, seemingly acting as commander; the center position was occupied by a female, while a tall, slim figure, with a bludgeon in his hand, brought up the rear. Their movements were very guarded. To see figures, other than those of the watch, abroad, at that late hour of the night, boded no good. The little party kept well within the shadow of the buildings, to avoid as much as possible the light of a harvest moon, shining with almost Italian intensity. Occasionally, as they emerged from the shade of the buildings, they, too, were momentarily flooded in the light, but these conspicuous places were rapidly passed, and as much as possible avoided by the leader.

It was at one of these open spaces where formerly had been a fence, but which was now half thrown down, that the leader stopped suddenly, and raised his finger as an intimation of danger. There was a heavy trampling of feet as if in regular march, now distinctly audible, and occasionally a jarring ring of metal, as if two muskets had come in collision. As the sound approached, the leader cautiously stepped behind the angle of the dilapidated fence and beckoned the other two to follow. Here a passing colloquy ensued between the chief and him of the bludgeon, in a whisper, which ended in the latter stepping forward to a position where, without being seen, he could reconnoiter the whole street. This position was not long maintained, however, for the figure suddenly dodged again to his hiding-place behind the fence.

"What is it Paul? the relief guard? But 'tis not yet time for—"

"Hist, yer honor, and kape as quite as an unhatched babbie."

The heavy tramp of men was every moment drawing nearer. "The Hoofd Schout, the Hoofd Schout," whispered Paul, as the high sheriff, with a guard of ten soldiers, passed the hiding-place, and proceeded up the Here-Graft in the direction of Dame Bonny's.

"Ay, and I fear me there's mischief in the wind," returned the Admiral.

So soon as the guard were lost to sight, our little party again sallied forth and took up the line of march down the Here-Graft, using the same precautions as before, till, coming to the mole, they turned to the left, and followed the course of the bay along Dock street, now Pearl.

The *Stad Huys* in which the prisoners were confined was a large square two-story building standing on Dock street, and fronting on Coenties slip. Under the building ran a large arch which supported the council-chamber above. The base of this arch, or the distance from one springing line to the other, was probably ten feet. From this passage, on either side, went off the cells which contained the prisoners, having heavy iron-studded doors opening into the passage or arch. It was common to have a sentry pacing along before the building, so that at every turn he passed by the mouth of the arch. Owing to the increase of prisoners from the capture of Vincent and his boat's crew, a double guard had been set of two sentries, one of whom was pacing before the building by the mouth of the arch, and who has before been designated by Paul as "Spiteful Jo," probably from his no very amiable temper; the other was keeping guard within, the same whom Paul had styled "Sleepy Jim," from the great attention he paid to his slumbers.

Sleepy Jim was now enjoying the effects of the opiate which Paul had previously administered, and the old arch loudly echoed with his nasal music. A dim lamp, suspended from the intrados of the arch, threw its feeble light over the damp walls and whole interior, disclosing the cell doors, on each of which was a large number, and showing the heavy form of the sleeping sentry stretched on the brick floor, with his musket by his side, and a large bunch of heavy antique-looking keys at his girdle.

The little party had gradually approached the building by

Dock street, until fairly up to it, where an angle of the wall served to hide them from the sentry pacing outside.

"Och, murther, but if St. Pathrick wud ownly pit his blissin' upon us an' douse the moon," muttered Paul, "thin the gallant woud be safe enough."

Lowe whispered some instruction to Paul, which resulted in his retracing the way along Dock street, for the distance of a hundred yards, carefully creeping along the shade of the buildings, till, having gained the desired situation, and watching an opportunity when the sentry was pacing from him, he boldly sallied out to the middle of the street, and commenced humming an air. Louder and louder grew Paul's song as he gradually approached the sentry with the air of a drunken man, till "Saint Patrick's day in the morning" echoed loud and long through the lonely street. Elvellynne could not suppress a smile, and the Admiral, in a whisper, expressed his fears lest the inner sentry should be awakened by Paul's boisterous and unrelenting melody.

On he came, enumerating at the top of his lungs the good deeds of the blessed Saint Patrick, till admonished by "Spirited Jo" to cease his noise. The drunken Irishman, incensed at having his national melody interrupted, straightway began to revile the sentry with interest.

"O hane, ye dirty blackyard; may the devil chowk ye, but looks to ye an' the like o' ye for in'terruptin' the song of the blessed Saint Patrick, an' be too a blissin' de craps an' de harvest."

"Get along with you, you drunken Paddy," retorted the sentry, "or I'll clap you under the arch here."

"Pax, an' it's that same that you couldn't do. Howt tont, ye're a dirty louse, Murther Sentry, an' so ye are, ye spiteful devil," returned Paul, in hopes to allure the sentry from his post, and thus give the Admiral an opportunity of slipping from his hiding-place under the arch. But the sentry was not thus easily to be beguiled, and obstinately persisted in keeping his post, notwithstanding all the revilings of Paul. The Admiral saw the dilemma, and feared lest, through the obstinacy or pugnacious disposition of the soldier, the whole plot would be marred.

But the quick-witted Irishman was not at all at a loss.

After brandishing his shillelah, and demanding satisfaction of the sentry for the insult received, he reeled along toward the building, from behind an angle of which, directly opposite to the side where Elvellynne and the Admiral were ensconced, he commenced most manfully to pelt the sentry into some kind of life, all the while interlarding his pebbly shower with some such phrases as the following—"Ah, ha! take that, ye dirty divil, rust yer owld bownes." And then, when a successful shot would ring on the soldier's steel cap—"Huglk, ye spalpane, how does *that* sit on yer bit nob?" By a succession of successful throws, the sentry was at last whipped up to a state of anger, and leaving his post, rushed at the patriotic Irishman, who was peeping from behind the wall, and ever and anon letting fly a specimen of "ground apples."

But, the brave Paddy was not inclined to stand against a fixed bayonet; with a drunken reel he started off, at the same time accosting the soldier with: "Arrah, my hinney, but jist lay down yer bargonet, and try a bout at stick wid me, and Patrick O'Doolen's yer man."

The sentry, however, was not at all inclined to comply with the enemy's request, but, determining to avail himself of the "chance of war," followed up in hot pursuit after the Irishman, who was constantly running against posts and tumbling over and over, all the while taking good care to keep a respectable distance between himself and the enraged soldier.

The Admiral, having repeated to Elvellynne her instructions, slipped round the angle of the building, under the arch. Here he found "Sleepy Jim" enjoying the sweets of repose, not at all disturbed by the din without. Stooping, the Admiral took from his girdle the bunch of keys, and proceeded to the door marked as number ten. It was far back in the vault, and at some distance from the sentries. After trying two or three keys, he at last introduced one which turned harshly in the lock, and the door swung slowly open. On a rude pallet, in the corner, lay the object of his search, as calmly sleeping as if in the cabin of his own ship. His clothes, with the exception of his coat, had not been doffed, which, together with his cocked-hat, was deposited carefully in one corner.

The sentry, after chasing Paul without success, and finding

that he could not come up with the light-footed marauder, abandoned the pursuit as useless, and with a choi-fallen countenance returned to his post.

Elvelynne trembled as she saw the soldier once more pacing before the vault. She had just seen how difficult it had been to lure him from his post, and feared lest the second attempt, which she herself was to make, should be a total failure. The maiden's heart trembled within her at thought of the dreadful to-morrow, if such should be the event; still, she relied strongly upon the resources of that wonderful man who already had gained an unaccountable influence over her.

There was sufficient light through the chink of a window to allow the Admiral to discern objects around the cell. Placing his hand on the prisoner's breast, Vincent opened his eyes.

"Hut, hut," said Lowe, "or we are lost! Get up and follow me, and you will escape the death which awaits you."

To his utter astonishment, Vincent refused to avail himself of the proffered opportunity to escape, but resolutely determined to abide by the decision of the morrow's investigation, relying upon his honorable intentions for coming into the city, and asserting that, on a second trial, he could convince the court of the same, and thus be honorably discharged from an imprisonment which he felt convinced had been the result of misapprehension.

"No, no, old man," continued the young Englishman "whatever you are, I thank you for your kindness and zeal but can not honorably avail myself of this opportunity, which must have been the result of much forethought and artifice to enable you to gain possible access to a place so well guarded as this."

"Not avail yourself?" repeated the Admiral, disconcerted at the young officer's resolution; "why you may as well at least be dressed in a night-gown as the coat." "But come, come, old man," said the Admiral, earnestly, "this is no time for your scruples! If you value your life a straw, you will follow me and thank Elvelynne Maitland for your escape."

So saying the old man turned, as if about to leave the apartment, when he was called back by Vincent. Thinking it was a consent to leave the prison, Lowe gave the preconcerted

signal, (a cough,) to let his confederates without understand that it was time for them to commence their parts. At the signal Elvellynne, with an effort, summoned all her resolution, and, "tracking back," as Paul had done before, she walked deliberately down the street, and passed before the sentry.

Paul, in the mean time, had crept up very close to the scene, and lay behind an old timber-head, watching for Elvellynne's appearance. No sooner did he see her, than, leaving his place of concealment, the pseudo-drunken Irishman reeled along up, and commenced a course of gallantries, which the damsel not at all relishing, applied to the sentry to put a stop to.

"Aha! you Irish thief, are you there again?" said "Spiteful Joe," leaving his post at once to go to the relief of the distressed damsel.

"Arrah, an' it's that same I am, you Dutch divil," responded Paulus Splentcher, at the same time taking Elvellynne up in his arms, and making off with her out of sight of the vault. The guard, as was expected, followed, and gained so fast upon Paul that he was obliged to drop his burden and run, the sentry all the while pursuing.

Another succession of falls, tumbles, and lap-wing expedients again lured the sentry further than before from his post, and quite round behind the building, where, to beguile him, Paul commenced another series of blackguarding.

The Admiral cautiously looked out, and seeing that the sentry was gone, again pressed Vincent to follow. "There is no time to be lost," continued he; "perhaps while we are now dallying, the opportunity may be lost."

"Old man," said Vincent, "I can not, and will not go!—but do you make good your retreat, while you may. If, if," and his voice slightly faltered as the possibility suggested itself to him, "if I should not be able to convince the court, and should be sentenced to die the death of a spy, tell Elvellynne Montford that Charles Vincent's last breath was spent in prayer for her, and give her this ring."

It was a moment of suspense, but not of long duration, with such a man as Ephraim Lowe. With the arm of a giant, he raised the young man from his pallet, as if he had

been a child, and left the cell. The door was closed and locked after him, and in another moment the powerful frame of the Admiral was stooping over the sleeping sentry, to deposit the keys. A pistol from his bosom fell upon the sleeper, as the old man was stooping down to restore the keys, and awakened him.

"Who goes there?" cried the sentry, mechanically, starting up and attempting to seize his musket, but the Admiral's foot was upon it, and he replied, drawing another pistol from his bosom:

"I go here; *Ephraim Lowe!* and a word of alarm from you will be your death-signal. Follow me!" said he, sternly, presenting the pistol to the sentry's head. The talismanic name thrilled through the bosom of Vincent, and struck the astonished sentry at once dumb. Vincent, without any resistance, gave himself up to the guidance of this extraordinary man, and "Sleepy Jim" followed in silence.

The name of Lowe was one which had become truly terrible within a very few years, in these waters, and was hardly mentioned by the common ignorant people, save in a whisper, and then with a shudder. The nurses used the name to frighten their respective charges into docility; the slaves were terrified into obedience and tractability at the very sound of the dreaded cognomen "mighty Ephraim;" all classes united in fear and hate of this uncommon man, concerning whom so little was really known. Had the citizen, when passing the fine-looking old man on the street, been told that he was that dreaded and notable pirate, the burglar would probably have leaped into the canal. Every thing that was dreaded and terrible had been associated with his name; and yet, the old man was so little known, as to be a frequent visitor at the city, roaming all over, even within the very walls of the fort. Half of the wealth of the city would have been willingly given for the pirate's lock, and yet the little city had never been the subject of his persecution, but rather of his kindness. But the mystery was his, and such is the power of tradition and fear, that he was believed to be, by many, nothing short of Old Nick himself.

Proceeding in silence, the three men issued from beneath the arch, and swiftly passed along by the same path our little

party had a short time before traversed. The Admiral led the way, keeping "Sleepy Jim" before him, more dead than alive, while Vincent followed.

It seems the fate of mortals to be thwarted by the presence of crowds when they would most wish to be alone. It was so in the present case; for when nearly up to the bridge, under which the Admiral had ordered Jacques to lie with the boat, the measured tread of the patrol going the rounds was heard, and the fugitives were forced to screen themselves behind some old casks, which fortunately offered a kindly shelter.

"Stoop low and be silent," said the Admiral, addressing his captive, and holding a pistol to his head, while poor James the Sleepy cowered down in fear and trembling. The patrol passed, and was soon out of sight, when the little party again moved on.

"Now," said the Admiral, as they approached the bridge, "now we are safe. Captain Vincent, I will thank you to stand guard over this wakeful sentry, for a moment, while I go down."

So saying, the Admiral descended the steep bank which led down to the canal, and when low enough to look under the bridge, saw that all was clear; but, no boat was there! An exclamation of surprise at first escaped him, and the thought that Paul might have betrayed him flashed across his mind. But no; he knew Paul too well—had known him from infancy, and never had found him guilty of a base thing. He ascended the bank again to rejoin his "convoy." Surprise upon surprise—they, too, had vanished!

"Foolish boy!" muttered the old man, as the suspicion presented itself to him that Vincent had voluntarily returned to the prison-house; "he knows his fate. Hah! yonder, even now, by the gleaming moon, I can see the half-finished gallows that the workmen were raising to-day, looming up against the silver sky, and polluting the free air of heaven with its hated form. And what, what will become of her, who has based all her hopes upon him! Silly, silly boy! to run back to the trap from which he had been rescued. But he must not and shall not die; and perhaps even now I may overtake him," said the old man, energetically.

The patrol, having finished the rounds, and again on its way back to the barracks near to the fort, dashed round a corner, into the street, within ten feet of where Lowe was standing. To move would have been inevitable detection, and the old man drew himself close up against the wall of the building, relying upon the hurry of the soldiers to get back to the barracks they had left, as his only chance of escaping observation. They dashed by, thundering over the bridge till beyond hearing, and the Admiral was just congratulating himself upon his fortunate escape, when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a voice at his ear said: "Englishman, you are my prisoner." He turned, and the Schout (or sheriff) stood beside him.

"But what if I will not go with thee," pleasantly suggested Lowe, assuming the calm forbearing and language of the Friends, who were then driven hither and thither, and persecuted to the death; "then wouldst not, being a man of war and might, push me even unto the detaining me from a lawful calling?"

"Hollo, ter myvel!" exclaimed the Schout, "what have we here? a poor driveling Quaker; perhaps Edmundson, or even a George Fox himself?" and giving the supposed Quaker a buffet or push, the Schout left him, and betook himself on his way in search of the real Englishman, who he little dreamed was the man then before him, personifying the Quaker.

The Schout, however, had not gone far on his journey when a heavy hand was in turn laid upon his shoulder, and the Quaker was at his side.

"Friend," said he, "though I may be even as thou sayest, one Edmundson, or a certain George Fox, yet will I not suffer the indignity thou hast just offered me, without complaint."

"Hail! you want, eh?" said the Schout; "well, then, I'll give you something to drive about;" and drawing his hand back, he struck Lowe with the open palm across the face. "There! friend Quaker, take that for your supper, and next text, saying, 'He smote them with a rod of iron.'"

"Verily," replied Lowe, "I shall neither take that for my text, nor shall I sup on the blow which thee has dealt me, being a peaceable man and unable to return thee the same

coin, which showeth thee to be one of little valor in striking a man of peace; but, lest thy unruly temper and overflowing courage should lead thee into some fracas, meeting with one who will return the knocks for knocks, whereby thou mightst be worsted, and peradventure sorely smitten in the combat, I will even, friend, (his hand was on the Schout's throat with an iron grasp,) bind thy cowardly arms for thee and 'clap' a comfortable 'stopper' upon thy mouth, lest peradventure thee takes cold in the night air."

The struggling Schout made an effort to free himself from the Friend's grasp, but, a deadly clutch was upon his throat, which prevented noise and soon terminated the contest. Releasing his hold, when the Schout ceased to move, the unfortunate man fell heavily over, when Lowe, drawing a cord from his pocket, and placing a knee upon his back, fastened the hands behind with a tight knot, then taking a handkerchief from his pocket, he put an effectual gag in the poor fellow's mouth, but not before some returning signs of life evinced that his prisoner was not really dead.

Rolling him over where he would not be discovered till the morning, he left him with the parting admonition: "Friend, when thee next meets one of my friendly calling, before thee attempts to molest him, first ask if peradventure his name be not Ephraim Lowe." Thus saying he turned toward the Stadt Huys, when a new difficulty sprung up in the shape of three men, who appeared at a little distance to be watching his movements.

"Pish!" impatiently exclaimed the Admiral, dropping to the ground for concealment, "these sleepy Mynheers appear to be all abroad to-night, instead of snoring away by the side of their 'goede vrouwen,' and dreaming about long pipes and Virginia tobacco. But, the devils have seen me and are coming this way, so I may as well meet them."

The three persons now carefully approached the spot where Lowe was standing, until so near, that he easily recognized the form of Paul Splancker. "Ha!" muttered the Admiral, fiercely, "the hound has betrayed me, and is putting them on the scent, but he should have brought more than two, to take Ephraim Lowe." By this time the whole party had approached so near as to be perfectly distinguishable, when,

instead of two myrmidons of the law, as he had supposed, the old man saw with joy, Vincent and the captive sentry.

"Hooch! yer honor," said Paul, cutting a very unphilosophical capricious in the air, "I was afraid lest them divils patrowls bad rabbed ye, and I was jist recoitering to pursave, so I was."

"Ah, Paul," replied the Admiral, "I have been doing you a great injustice, for I feared you had been playing traitor; but, how has this happened?"

While they again proceeded, but now in the direction of Dame Bonny's, Paul related to the Admiral, how he had seen the patrol, retreating toward the fort, and fearing lest they should suddenly come upon the fugitives, he had run with great speed by a by-way to warn them of their danger, but had no time to go under the bridge and admonish him, which explained what, when Lowe again ascended the bank, he found his party had vanished; "but," concluded Paul, having finished his relation, "as to being a traitor, Paul Splentcher niver was idicated to it."

"No, Paul," replied his auditor, "you are 'as honest as the day is long.'"

The little party were now wending their way along the Here-Graft, when, from a jutting angle of the buildings, where she had been deposited for safety by Paul, stepped forth Elvengune. In a moment more she was in——we shall not say, gentle reader, where she was, but a loud smack, ringing fairly along the track, told the Admiral, who was leading, that the lovers were not very far apart.

Love is a strange thing, a very strange thing, gentle reader, and very like unto a pumpkin, which rolling down a hill, doth not know that it gathers velocity but to its own ruin, and will smash, notwithstanding Mr. Webster's authority to the contrary, against the rock at the bottom. It was so in the present instance: for no sooner did Elvengune make her appearance, than "Stumpy Jim" made his disappointment, not leaving one to guide his way; for Vincent, who had held guard over him, had eyes but for one end, had it not been for Paul, the captive would probably have escaped. However, Paul seized him in the very act, as he had really, upon deliberation, concluded that the present was a favorable time

for him to make an honorable retreat; and was fairly pulling out his pipe preparatory to taking that step. A few steps brought them to Dame Bonny's, where, to the Admiral's surprise, nothing was to be seen of his boat, which should have been at the bridge below.

CHAPTER V.

THE HOOFD SCHOUT.

It was now nearly daylight, as the few first glimmering streaks in the east announced; and the Admiral, with a hasty step, entered the Dame's to ascertain, if possible, any thing about the absent boat. A few sturdy strokes soon brought the Dame bustling into the tap-room, light in hand, "benighted gowned," and "benightcapped."

"Hist, hist, for the love of God, hist, Admiral, if you would not have the rascals upon you," said she, raising her finger.

"Why, what is the matter, Dame?"

"Matter enough! If you be not sparing of such thumps as you just gave, you will have the Hoofd Schout with his whole gang, who are waiting without, upon you."

This was startling intelligence.

"But the boat, Dame?" composedly asked Lowe, "the boat and Jacques? Do you know any thing of them? They have failed us now, when we should be beyond the south end of Long Island."

"They've got your boat, Admiral, and poor Jacques, too, who fought like a tiger, with all the crew," answered the Dame.

"Taken my boat!" repeated the Admiral; "who has taken my boat?"

"Why, the Hoofd Schout and his gang, and they are now waiting outside, watching for you."

Here the Dame briefly related to the Admiral, that, shortly after he left with Elvellynne and Paul, and before Jacques had started, while about getting the men in the boat, the

Hoofd Schout, with a dozen soldiers, had made his appearance, and seized upon the launch, together with the men, as they were about embarking.

"Ooch, oogh! 'twas thim same spalpanes that we see'd pass as we were lyin' in the crook of the fence," interrupted Paul.

A great noise was now made about the door, as if people were endeavoring to force it.

"It is the Hoofd Schout," muttered the Dame, "with a half-score of soldiers at his back."

The Admiral walked softly toward the door, and having seen that it was well barred, requested the Dame to stand by it for a few moments, and if perchance the bar should be raised, to replace it, while he, with Paul, Vincent, and Elvellynne, retired into the little room where we first saw him, and which adjoined the one now besieged, but directly on the other side of the house. Here, without any words, Lowe stripped from Vincent his uniform and silk stockings, and, taking from the wall an old coat, leather breeches, pair of blue worsted stockings, broad-brimmed Dutch hat, and clogs, bade him put them on with all haste; which being done, he gave a few brief directions to Paul, and desired Captain Vincent to follow him out of the house; and, when once out, to run for the market-place, and mix with the crowd, which would be pretty dense at this hour of the morning, with people of all descriptions, from the country and farms outside, bringing in their poultry and produce. At the same time he warned the Captain, if separated from Paul, to return to the Dame's by nightfall, if he could do so with safety. Taking his way through the back part of the house, followed by Vincent, who was now not only willing but anxious to escape, Paul descended to the cellar below, and pulling away two or three old boards, disclosed a small window looking out on the Here Graft. Through this he crept, followed by his comrade, and, without discovery, emerged into the public street. A few minutes brought them to the market-place, where, without discovery, they mingled with the crowd.

Meanwhile the Admiral was not idle. The Dame had kept the door good till the fugitives were clear, when she resigned her post to the Admiral, which scarcely had she done than a sudden pressure forced the frail barricade, and disclosed to the

pirate the whole gang of besiegers. With a wave of his hand he kept them back for a moment, when the cry of: "There he is—there he is, there's the English spy! Seize him—seize him!" was raised, and a rush was made forward.

The old man stepped out on the little stoop, and, finding that force was the only argument likely to be listened to, he very deliberately took each one as he advanced by the collar of the coat, and lifted him over the low railing which guarded either side.

At this juncture a great clattering of feet and ringing of arms attracted the attention of both besiegers and besieged, when round the corner of the Here-Graft came bounding a man, his clothes tattered and rent, his mouth foaming, and tongue lolling with fatigue, and his person here and there bespattered with blood, and bearing the marks of a severe fray. At his heels followed two of the soldiery with lowered muskets and fixed bayonets. Panting and almost exhausted with fatigue, the pursued man made straight for Dame Bonny's little stoop, around which was collected the band we have already seen, and, with a fierce bound passed through the astonished assailants, and stood by the Admiral. It was Jacques. He slipped within the apartment; and, before the crowd had recovered their astonishment, and while they were listening to the recital of the two soldiers, the Admiral also stepped within and quietly closed the door. Taking a glass of good strong Hollands, which was administered by the Dame's own hand, and having recovered breath, Jacques briefly related to the Admiral, who was standing with his back braced against the door by way of a bar, his capture by the Hoofd Schout, and subsequent escape.

It appeared from his disclosure, that, after their capture, he, with the three other seamen, were marched to the barracks under a guard, while the boat was taken to the fort and secured. When arrived at the barracks, they were placed under a guard of only two soldiers, (the same we have just seen,) till the Governor should rise in the morning, when they were to be conducted before him as suspected spies. "Seeing as how," continued Jacques, "the sojers was but two, and we four, we made a rush at them, tumbled them over, and then made sail. Long Bill, Tom, and Mike jumped into a country craft that

lay alongside, and shoving off got up sail, and stood across the harbor; while the sojers headed me up so close, that I could not weather 'em, and so bore away for the Dame's."

"Well, Jacques, you have done bravely; but, where do you think Bill and the rest are?"

"Aboard the *Merry Christies*, sir, by this time, for they had a fine slant of wind," replied Jacques.

A cry was heard from the adjoining room, where Elvellynne had been left to stand guard over Sleepy Jim. The Admiral jumped from his station, which was immediately occupied by Jacques, and rushed to the room. The sentry was standing in the center of the floor, with the pistol, which, in an unguarded moment he had wrested from Elvellynne, and which he presented to the Admiral as he entered. "Stand, sir spy," said he, "or I fire." The old man resolutely advanced; "Sleepy Jim" leveled the weapon and fired, but the hand of Elvellynne struck up the arm, and the ball passed harmlessly over his head, lodging in the ceiling beyond.

"Well done, my brave girl, well done!" shouted the Admiral, "you are worthy of your lineage."

Sleepy Jim was now effectually secured with cords, and the Admiral hurried to the assistance of Jacques, who could not much longer hold out against the "sojers."

In this emergency the Dame cried out: "The rum-hole! Admiral, to the rum-hole! while I keep the door."

"Ha! you have it, Dame," said the old man, who was then turning over his resources for some loop-hole of escape—"you have it!" and calling Elvellynne, with Jacques, he disappeared by the same passage which Paul had taken.

Meanwhile the Dame commenced a parley with these outside. "Good people," said she, "why do you molest a lone woman at this hour of the day?"

"We want the spy, the Englishman," roared the crowd.

"There is no spy here, Mynheer Hoofd Schout," returned she, "but if you mean those who were but just here, they are passed out by a window into the Here-Graft."

This the Dame knew to be a thumper, but she thought that the emergency warranted this little deviation from truth, and would give the Admiral full time to get beyond pursuit. With a whoop and halloo, the assailants all left the door, and

ran around the house; but here no spies were to be seen. Enraged they returned, and demanded of the Dame why she had misled them, and commanded her to unbar the door.

"I tell you, they are gone by the window," reiterated the Dame; "but, if you will not give me credit, let me but have time to don such raiment as it is becoming a lone woman like me should wear, and not appear in this undress, which our violence caused me to come forth from my bed in."

The mob assented, and the Dame, hastily throwing a loose gown over her shoulders, again returned and unbarred the door. The soldiers rushed in, and fell to ransacking the house, in which search they found their captive comrade lying bound in the little room.

Acting upon the Dame's suggestion, the Admiral led Elvellynne and Jacques through the inner apartments of the house, and descended a stairway to the cellar below. The run-hole, which the Dame had mentioned, was a secret passage, or small vault, constructed in bygone years, and used by the smugglers to conceal their goods, arms, and naval stores. The entrance to it was by means of a large flat stone, so set in the stone wall of the cellar as to appear to be a "part and parcel" of it. This stone turned upon a large pivot, and could only be opened by a spring, which was directly on the opposite side of the cellar. It was many years since the Admiral had visited this recess, and he had forgotten the exact spot where the spring which could give him entrance was to be found. Searching round the half-lighted cellar, he tried twenty different spots, but without success: and when the soldiery had entered the house, he had not yet found it. The noise of feet was becoming more and more distinct, and the Admiral, seizing a heavy stick, was preparing to dispute the stairway, if any one should try it, when Jacques, more fortunate than his commander, in trying various places, at length hit upon the right spot, and the heavy stone door flew open with a loud crack.

Entering the passage, they closed after them the door, and a hundred yards brought them to a short flight of stone steps, which, having descended, the Admiral struck a light, and applied the blaze to a lamp standing on the table, which lamp probably had not been lit in a long series of years, but which

always was left where he had found it, with a can of oil by its side, ready to be used in any emergency like the present.

The feeble light disclosed a small apartment shut in by stone walls and piled up on either side with barrels, pipes, and hog-heads. In the center stood a table on which was the lamp, and around the table some deal benches. From one of the barrels Jacques drew some Hollands, and bathed the wounds which he had received from the soldiers' bayonets, one of which, in the shoulder, was quite severe, and bled profusely. The poor fellow was in great agony, and Elvellynne, with a slight knowledge of those matters, though little used to the sight of blood, undertook to relieve him. With her scarf she stanchd the wound, and soon bound it up very comfortably in a handkerchief. The poor fellow was quite relieved, and thanked her, in his rude though honest speech, with a grateful heart.

The soldiery, after searching the upper part of the house, descended to the cellar a few seconds after the fugitives had discovered the obstinate spring. Finding nothing there but casks of good Hollands, they again ascended to the tap-room, where was Dame Bonny dealing out her liquors, to no less a personage than the burly Hoofd Schout himself, who was conversing with "Sleepy Jim" about the occurrences of the night. "Sleepy Jim" related the adventure of the fort, and also, that the man who had rescued the prisoner called himself Ephraim Lowe.

"Pooh, pooh!" said the Hoofd Schout, with a self-satisfied air, at the same time sipping a little of the Dame's renowned Hollands, and smacking his lips with much gusto, "that renowned pirate and freebooter knows too much to thrust himself in such a trap: but, 'by the great boof,' this Hollands is of good stuff, and opportunely come by."

"Ah, yes, sir," languidly replied the woman, not understanding her worthy customer's meaning, "honestly enough come by: but, the excises are so very high that a poor lone woman, like myself, can hardly make an honest penny now."

The burly magistrate shrugged his plump shoulders, and looked at the Dame with the self-conceited look of small people, as much as to say, "I know, Dame all about it," but made no reply, other than by thrusting forward his glass, to

be replenished, and turning to "Sleepy Jim," laughed at him for believing that Ephraim Lowe, for whose head a large reward was offered, had been so foolish as to thrust himself within the city walls. "No, no," continued this "little great" personage, "Ephraim Lowe knows me, Bartus Spooturken, too well to put himself within *my* reach, for I should nab him within a half-hour of his landing."

The reader may infer that Mynheer Bartus Spooturken was an exceedingly valiant man; but, on the contrary, while uttering the above sonorous bravado, this worthy limb of the law was inwardly turning over in his mind how he might best excuse himself from the duties of his post, in case that notable pirate should chance to come within the city, and where he might best bestow himself to be beyond the reach of that terrible rover's arm. He generally found some excuse for dallying behind in any dangerous enterprise, leaving his men to bear the brunt of the battle, but always coming in about the time that any fracas was over, and the prisoners secured, to claim the lion's share of booty and renown. But the valiant magistrate really did a very "good turn," inasmuch as he laughed Sleepy Jim out of his belief that Ephraim Lowe was in the city, for, had it been breathed, had such a suspicion been yelped by the vilest cur in the street, there would have been such a rigorous search set afoot, that no corner or cranny could have concealed the daring adventurer. Sleepy Jim, laughed at and ridiculed by his superiors and inferiors, for saying that he had the honor of standing face to face with rover, after a little while was whipped into the belief that it was all a dream, and so sat him down, drew out his pipe, and resolved to forget the whole matter.

After a fruitless search, the soldiery left the house, and once more Dame Bonny's little hostelry was tranquil.

CHAPTER. VI.

THE DOUBLE FLIGHT.

THE sun was well up in the eastern board, when Peter and Augustus, the two slaves with whom our story opened, again were engaged before Alderman Von Brooter's house, sweeping the *trottoir*.

"Gosh, uncle 'Guss," said black Peter, "what a debble fuss; here Missey Evvy gone, Cap'n Vinsunt in prison, and gwyin' to be hanged, as Massa says, and Massa Allerman hese' mos' crazy—gosh, uncle 'Guss, wat you tinks bout um?"

It was indeed as black Peter had stated, for the Alderman was very much troubled about the disappearance of his ward. She had entered his house mysteriously, and had as strangely disappeared. One after another the household domestics were summoned and catechized, but none, not even her tire-woman, knew any thing about her departure or where she was to be found. At length, wearied with inquiries, the Alderman sallied forth for the prison-house, thinking it possible that in her grief and overwrought state of mind, Elvellynne might have sought access to the prisoner. The kind-hearted burgher's countenance lighted up with a faint smile at the thought, and with renewed energy he bent his way to the Stadt Huys.

Here, however, he gained no information, save that the prisoner had escaped, and the devil flown away with "Sleepy Jim." Trifling, however, as it might seem, the honest man at once drew a good augury from it, connecting, somehow or other, Captain Vincent's escape with Elvellynne's disappearance, and surmising that the maiden had a hand in the prisoner's abduction.

When the court met at nine o'clock, to pass sentence of death on the spy, he was gone!

The day passed over in great commotion, as a report had been circulated that a British fleet was outside, waiting below for a fair wind to come up and bombard the city. This report originated in the exaggerated story of some fishermen, who had seen two vessels, the *Grayhound* and *Merry Christmas*,

at anchor, but not within sight of each other. At last the day wore away, and no British were to be seen, so the quiet burghers very pleasantly laid by the old muskets which they had shouldered all day, strutting up and down, like so many penguins, and betook themselves to the never-failing pipes, sitting on their pleasant little "stoopes," and conversing across the way; one recounting to his neighbor how many of the British he would have killed, if *they had come!* while his auditor listened, in astonishment, at the recital of his neighbor's valor. At length night once more assumed her sway.

Dame Bonny's little tap-room was crowded with its usual complement of idlers, taking their *quantum sufficit* of Schnapps, and discussing the stirring topics of the day. As the evening deepened, one by one these dropped off, until, at the ringing of the great bell of the fort, those who remained rose, *en masse*, and turned toward home.

At a later hour, perhaps midnight, or a little after, two figures were sitting in the little tap-room which the idlers had vacated, and appeared much interested in a conversation carried on solely between themselves, in a low tone. One of these was an elderly man, dressed in a uniform, and wearing side-arms; the other wore the garb of a common sailor, which, in some places, was much soiled and stained with blood. A slight tapping at the door disturbed the colloquy, and both jumped from their seats. The elderly man laid his hand on the sword by his side, while he of the soiled garment crept cautiously forward, to reconnoiter through the shutter. Satisfied with his inspection, the sailor opened the door, and the new-comer appeared—it was Paulus Splentcher, but he was alone. The elderly man, whom the reader will readily recognize as Admiral Lowe, at once addressed him:

"Well, Paul, where is the young man?"

"Oons, yer honor," replied that worthy, "an' it's not Paulus Splentcher can tell ye. The gallant left me about the night-falling, and the divil a bit of him has Paul sene since, yer honor." The Admiral continued:

"But what has detained you so long, Paul? Why did you not return before and tell me of this, when it might have been possible to find the youth?"

"Ah!" replied Paul, "ye might have sarched and sarched

agin, but, if ye did not know the city better than Paul, ye wud niver have found the lad—for ain't it Paul Splentcher, his own self, has been huntin' since the sun-fall, and yet has not laid eyes upon the same?"

The Admiral could not divine what had become of Vincent. Thinking over all the misfortunes which had befallen him, he then sat down, determined to abide by the issue, and wait till the approach of morning, at which time, if the Captain did not return, he would leave the city with Elvellynne, till the present commotion was over, and then return with the possibility of effecting something in the young officer's behalf, which he saw would, at present, be impracticable, as Paul had already disclosed the unwelcome intelligence, that on account of the rumors abroad, the guard had been increased and sentries doubled all over the city. The old man at first feared lest Vincent might have fallen in with some one of these strolling parties and been recaptured; but then, he remembered the disguise with which he himself had induced him, and smiled at the thought of any one's recognizing in the simple-looking Dutch lad, the person of the dashing young officer. Paul related the incidents of the day, and was, in turn, gratified with the recital of all that had occurred at the Dame's, since his departure in the morning. The three now sat down, and passed two hours in planning, discussing, suggesting, reflecting, and all those thousand *minutes* which present themselves to minds laboring under the knowledge of immediate danger, endeavoring to find some clue by which it may be either avoided or diminished.

The Admiral looked at his repeater, and saw that it was after three, and now really began to entertain some doubts concerning the infallibility of the disguise on which he had a little before placed so much reliance.

Another half-hour was passed in doubt, fear, and anxiety, and still Vincent did not come. Determined to stand by the young Englishman so long as was compatible with his own safety, the Admiral yet delayed, and sent Paul out to find some kind of a boat in which they might all embark and reach the *Merry Christen*. The Admiral impatiently paced up and down the room, during Paul's absence, every now and then stopping to listen to the least sound, with the vague hope that

the long-expected comer was at hand—but, disappointed, he would again resume his exercise, with some exclamation declaratory of his impatience.

It was one of these cessations, when the Admiral was listening, and chiding Jacques for interrupting the silence with a slight groan, elicited from the brave fellow by the excruciating torture of his wound, that a step was heard, and then a tapping upon the door. Lowe jumped to the entrance and threw it open, expecting to meet Vincent, but it was only Paul, returned with an old rickety affair of a boat, which he had picked up somewhere on the canal, and brought along to the Dame's landing.

While standing at the door the Admiral heard a slight plunge in the canal, and saw a dark object moving along on the surface of the water. A moment after, the tall figure of a man rose from the stream, and Vincent stood before him. His clothes were sadly rent and nearly torn from his back, and his whole appearance was that of a man who had received severe handling. It appeared that the Captain had been mistaken by some of the good townspeople for one of their own countrymen, against whom they had a private grudge, and had received that treatment which was intended for another. The Admiral could not avoid smiling at his friend's ludicrous appearance, though he condoled with him, and was heartily glad to receive him again safely, in whatever state he might appear.

A few moments sufficed to apparel the Captain in his own clothing which had been left in the morning; and Elvellynne, who had been taking repose in the Dame's own room, being awakened, the little party sallied out to the boat. It was half full of water and some little time was necessarily consumed in bailing it out. At length they embarked. With a silent oar the Admiral himself pulled the unwieldy craft down the canal, while Paul, with an old board, steered. Jacques, who was perfectly crippled by the wound in his shoulder, was stationed in the bow to keep a look-out, while Elvellynne and her lover were seated on the after-thwart.

So much time had been consumed by the various crosses, vexations, and delays, that it was now nearly day-light; still the Admiral encouraged the hope that they might be able to

pass the sentry, who was stationed near the bridge (at the foot of the Here-Graft) under which the boat must pass, before they could reach the open bay. The bridge was the same under which his own boat was to have been, the night previous. Silently they glided along, no one in the boat speaking, till within sight of the above-mentioned bridge. The Admiral turned around and descried the tall figure of the sentry leaning against a post on the dock, his musket gleaming in the last feeble glimmerings of the faint moon which was now giving way to the broader glare of day, already breaking. They reached the bridge, passed under it, out at the other side, and were already abreast of the soldier. The hearts of our little party beat quickly at this crisis, and the old man would have given ten years of his life for his own swift boat with Jacques and her crew at the oars. They glided on, and already entertained the hope that they had passed unperceived and were in safety, when the soldier on the dock hailed:

"Who goes there?"

There was no reply. Again he hailed. "Come back, or I fire."

The Admiral plied his strength with redoubled vigor, and in so doing broke one of the oars in two. The soldier leveled his musket and fired. Vincent threw himself before Elvellynne, to avert the danger from her form. The shot passed harmlessly on, burying in the water beyond, and the moment of suspense was over. The remaining oar was transferred to the scull-back, and the Admiral, placing a foot on either gunwale, applied his Herculean strength to force the unwieldy fabric through the opposing element.

They started for the Battermilk Channel, between what was then called Nutting Island (now Governor's Island) and Long Island. Already had they proceeded nearly half-way across the harbor, when a Government boat, filled with soldiers, left the fort. As it gained rapidly upon them, the old man discerned it astern, and bent to his task. The heavy Dutchman-built craft rolled and swashed about in the water, but, urged by gigantic force, whizzed rapidly, with a sharp, cutting noise, through the foaming liquid, with a velocity which seemed sufficient to set all pursuit at defiance. But, in spite of the old man's exertions, and Elvellynne's prayers,

the pursuing boat now began to gain upon them. Still the pirate cherished hopes, for he was perfectly acquainted with the currents, and saw that the pursuers were laboring, through ignorance, with a swift tide, which had already carried them a little to leeward, and which was all lost way to them, while he was floating swiftly along, with a race-horse current in his favor. But, the odds in numbers and better complement of oars more than made up the difference, while the rover saw that the strenuous endeavors made on the part of the pursuers must, ere long, bring them up with him. Still, with heroic energy the old man swung his only oar in masterly style, while the fugitives, even Elvellynne included, seconded his exertions with what little assistance they could yield by paddling with their hands. Buttermilk Channel was then never traversed by boats, being nothing more than a salt-marsh, very much resembling those setting into the land about Harlem, and a pole set on crotched sticks offered a means of passage from one island to the other. This pole nearly touched the water at flood-tide, but at ebb-tide was high above it several feet. Though unknown to the good Dutchmen, yet the Admiral was aware of a very deep channel in the center, sufficiently deep to float a large vessel of moderately light draught. For this passage he steered, and, as it was rising water, he found that there was barely room underneath the pole for the boat to pass, while all crouched low in the bottom. The pole, however, proved of some assistance, for Jacques, with his sound arm, laid hold of it, and urged the boat under, and Paul did the same. So hot was the pursuit, and so anxious the pursued, that even such little trifles appeared of moment.

Lowe looked back, hoping that the Government boat would be so high out of water as to be unable to pass beneath the crossing-pole. But no; on she came, and, by adopting the expedient of crouching, passed under "all clear," and soon came up within a hundred feet of the chase. The hundred feet were diminished to fifty, the fifty to twenty-five, and, in another moment, the Schout laid his hand on the flying boat. He was the identical personage who had met Lowe on the night previous, and whom the rover had left on the dock bound hand and foot.

"Ha!" said the old man, smiling complacently, "friend thee is a valiant man, but shouldst not thrust thy hand into another man's pudding, lest thou gettest it burnt;" so saying he placed the blade of his oar on the bow of the barge, and, with a powerful shove, separated the two boats, sending his own whizzing far ahead, at the same time that the barge, having lost her momentum, gathered stern-way. But, the tenacious S. Hunt retaining his hold, was dragged along overboard, and through the wake of the Admiral's boat. The pirate, remitting his toil for a moment, stooped and raised the wet magistrate into his boat, while the soldiery in the barge, seeing their leader's misfortune and strange capture, set up a loud shout of defiance, and again came on; but, ere they could again come up, the Admiral rounded a high point of the island and the boat, shooting around the headland, glided into the smooth water of a beautiful bay, disclosing to the young Englishman's admiring eyes, the form of an elegantly-modeled brigantine, gracefully floating at her anchor a few boats' lengths beyond. She was of about three hundred and thirty tons burden, sharp bows, lean buttocks, and her copper about the water-line shone with the luster of a burnished mirror, as the rays of the rising sun fell upon it.

With the discerning eye of a seaman, Vincent scanned the little vessel from truck to water-line, and so interested did he become in gazing at the beautiful symmetry of her spars, tapering off till their termination could scarcely be determined, the lightness of her top-hamper and delicate tracery of her carlines, scarcely defined against the opposite sky like the gossamer web floating in the moist, sunlit air of a spring morning, that he became entirely forgetful of their dangerous situation, and insensible to the fact that their boat had become a prisoner.

The old man had ceased his wearisome toil, and was wiping the moisture from his brow, when the pursuing barge poked her bow from behind the point, and shot swiftly ahead. Lowe smiled with an appearance of great satisfaction, and, raising his hands to his mouth, hailed the brig in a voice of thunder:

"Eh, ho! the *Merry Christmas* aloy! Man, the launch and take that boat."

With the dispatch of a well-disciplined ship, the loud

whistle of the boatswain piped away the "hunches," and a large boat quickly shot out from the stern of the brig. No sooner were the oars dropped, than she cut with gathering velocity through the foaming waters and in the direction of the unlucky barge. Too late the men in the Government boat saw the trap into which they had been enticed, and, after a faint attempt at flight, surrendered to the swift launch which was soon upon them.

The old man chuckled at the turn of the tables so successfully, and, tapping the crestfallen Schout on the shoulder, at the same time pointing to the brigantine, jocosely said: "Friend Schout, that vessel yonder is verily the one appertaining unto me; how does thee like the cut of her jib?"

"Der tuyvel!" muttered the affrighted Schout, "and you are then really that terrible Ephraim Lowe!"

"Verily, friend Schout, I am that much-slandered man," replied Lowe, "and ere the setting of this day's sun, will have thee swinging at the yard-arm yonder, unless, peradventure, thou canst find amongst thy friends ashore the means to compensate a peaceable man like myself for the blow thou didst so unadvisedly deal me on the dock yesternight, and for the trouble I have had with thee, inasmuch as, with thy vile crew of armed men, thou hast but just put me to great bodily exertion. How does thee like the elevation?" pleasantly continued the pirate, at the same time pointing to the fore-yard, which was now directly overhead; "it is ever nearer unto heaven than thou mayest ever attain again."

The affrighted Schout read in the rover's flashing eye the look of determination, and saw that there was no time to jest or doubt, for his captor's blood was up, from the exertion he had made, and the red stream was pouring from one of his chafed hands, showing that he had put to no common effort that huge strength which had been the means of their deliverance.

"Come, Sir Schout," impatiently asked the old man, "what sayest thou? Can thee find ransom, or will thee dangle yonder, like a sheep-killing dog?"

The poor Schout at first could not answer; but, when on the deck of the vessel a halter was rove through the yard-arm, and one end was adjusted around his neck, while the

other was held by fifty stout fellows, ready to walk away with it, he felt his dangerous proximity to another world. Falling on his knees before the Admiral, while the big tears coursed down his cheeks, he begged hard for that life which the meanest and most abject of civilized mortals prizes so highly.

"Not if the lives of all the States General were centered in thy one pitiful neck," answered the old man, still adhering to the Quaker phraseology, would I abate one tittle, unless thou canst obtain the sum which I shall name, and that, too, before nightfall."

"Speak quickly," said he; "two thousand Ryders paid down in good gold, and thou art free."

The Schout was silent from fright, and the old man construing his silence as a refusal to comply with his demand, waved his hand as the signal to run him up.

At this moment the hand of Elvellynne was laid on the pirate's shoulder, and, with a tearful eye, though awed by his fierce demeanor, the beautiful girl pleaded in behalf of the unfortunate prisoner, and not without success. The stern man's countenance relaxed as he gazed on the lovely form before him with a look of fondness; and, at a signal from his hand, the half-dead Schout was released from his perilous situation. The brig was got under way, and stood for the city; and, in another half-hour, the barge was dismissed, with two of the captured soldiers, to demand of the Governor the mentioned ransom. "And tell Governor Colve," shouted the Admiral, as the boat had proceeded a little distance, "that when he wants an interview with Ephraim Lowe, he must send sailors, and not soldiers, to take him."

The brig hove to, and in that situation remained to await the return of the barge with the ransom-money. About noon the boat was again seen on her return passage, with the Governor's secretary as prisoner. The bags of Ryders were hoisted aboard, carefully counted, and one (beyond the sum required) returned to the Schout, when, taking Elvellynne's hand, the affrighted Schout, having attempted to return to her his grateful thanks, descended the side with his whole gang; and, entering the barge, shoved off, no doubt glad enough to be fairly clear of his peaceful friend, and resolved no more to molest

any of the fraternity, not even should George Fox himself enter the settlement to "prophecy."

The brig filled away once more, and stood for Vincent's ship, which was at a little distance, and which had been hid from the *Merry Christmas* only by the jutting point of land. A boat was lowered, and the rover himself stepped in to accompany the captain to his vessel; but the young Englishman demurred seeing that Elvellynne was to remain behind. She, however, urged him to go, saying, "that every thing was for the best," and appeared to be calm and perfectly composed, while his bosom was tossed with many conflicting emotions at the mysterious separation, and her apparent composure.

"Farewell," said he, in a sorrowful tone, as he stepped over the side; "and if, Elvellynne, we never meet more, remember that the deed is yours and not mine, for this heart beats truly and warmly for you, and ever will."

She stood on the deck of the little vessel, and saw, through the watery film which yet covered her beautiful eyes, the dim forms of her lover and the Admiral ascending the sloop. Even the rude men around her, so little accustomed to such sights, were strangely moved, and offered the maiden their rough commiserations, though little understanding the cause of her grief. At length Paulus Splentcher took her passive hand with an air of almost reverence, and led her to the cabin.

Charles Vincent, though he could not understand the mystery, yet formed the determination to rescue Elvellynne from the bold pirate's hands, and no sooner had the Admiral left the *Greyhound*, than he ordered the anchor up, and all sail made. This was effected about the time that the Admiral had once more reached his little vessel, and suspecting the young man's intentions, he too made sail, and steered along the eastern side of Long Island in a northerly direction.

It soon became evident that the *Greyhound* was making chase, for every sail that would draw was crowded on her, till she became a towering mass of canvas. Still, it was useless, for the *Merry Christmas* ranged rapidly ahead, gradually diminishing in size, till at nightfall her last sail seemed to sink beneath the ocean.

With a heavy heart Vincent gave up the chase, and ordered the ship "about" to her old anchorage, as if lingering around

the scene of misfortune would bring him some relief. Retiring to the solitude of his cabin, the young man gave himself up to all the bitterness of despair and disappointed expectations. He thought of the stern but brave old man, who had gained somehow such a mysterious influence over the object of his solicitude, and he thought of that object, of Elvellynne Montford, she who was to have been his own—ay, he did, in the bitterness and maddening goadings of his feelings, picture her to himself as the pirate's bride. But then he reflected, why, if Elvellynne was his object, did he not leave him to suffer that ignominious death, which would at once have rid him of a rival.

Agitated by such conflicting thoughts, and endeavoring in some way to account to himself for the proceedings so mysterious throughout, Vincent passed the night in sleeplessness, pacing up and down the cabin. At length he formed the sudden and dangerous resolution to rescue his men, who were yet in the prison-house. He ascended to the deck with a lighter step, and gave orders preparatory to his contemplated enterprise.

The day passed, like all days of expectation, or "hope deferred," with a sluggish pace. Still every moment was taken advantage of to accelerate and better the preparations necessary for the hazardous undertaking. Captain Vincent, summoning together his "ship's company," addressed them in a few brief but pointed words. He stated, what was to them before unknown, that he had been made a prisoner while ashore, and had been rescued by a mysterious agency, while the boat's crew were left behind. He concluded by stating that the poor fellows were to be hanged on the morrow, and requested all who would volunteer to put themselves under his guidance and rescue them, to step to the starboard side. Without an exception, the whole crew of one hundred and forty men stepped forward; and, as he could not take them all, he selected fifty from the number, and to them disclosed his plan. All was at last complete, and only waiting the tardy coming of the morrow to be put in operation.

CHAPTER VI.

AT THE TAP-ROOM.

THE story rapidly spread about the town, and was bandied from mouth to mouth, that the notable Ephraim Lowe had been even within the city walls. The Schout was looked upon as a very celebrated personage after his adventure, and thousands were the questions put to him by the inquiring citizens. He had first proceeded to the Governor on coming ashore after the ransom-money was paid, relating his adventure, together with his rencontre with the pirate on the night of the prisoner's escape from the prison.

It was now well established that Lowe had caused all the mischief, planned and effected the Englishman's escape, carried off the Alderman's ward, killed the watchman, (for the poor fellow had actually died,) and, in short, had a hand in all the mischief which had occurred in the little city of Nieuw Orange since it was first founded by Schippers Adrian Blok and Hendrick Christiaanse, a very striking likeness of whom every family in the settlement boasted the possession, while no two were at all alike. Indeed, we have seen thirty-two of these said "portraits," and were not aware, until told by the owner, a patriotic burgher, who still adheres to the goodly customs of his forefathers, that they were the identical portraits of those renowned colonizers, taken, in olden days, from life.

It may be easily imagined that Alderman Von Brooter, who listened to all the gossip of the day, was by no means the least interested in the reports so widely circulated. He knew that his ward had been carried off, but he had heard of her, within the half-hour of his gossip, as married, dead, buried, alive again, strung up and quartered, and in short in all the ways which "it is said" (that liar who "gathers as she goes") could invent. The good burgher at once traced the clue to the labyrinth from which it originated, and was, ere long, closely closeted with the Schout. From him he learned the facts of Elvellynne's abduction, and his worst fears for the

maiden's welfare were more than realized. Still, the fact that Captain Vincent was with her appeared to him a consolation. Little did the good man dream that while he was applying this unction to his soul, he was already separated far from her! But hope, that best of all Heaven's blessings, clings to a straw, and the affectionate old man returned homeward with a lightened heart.

It was within half an hour of bell-ringing, or half-past eight, as the Alderman trudged steadily along toward his mansion in Princess street, breasting the damp night-air, which chanced to blow rather chilly from the south-east. At this time there was collected in Dame Bonny's little tap-room an assemblage of persons of all possible trades and ages, and as variously employed. Some were sipping of the good liquors, others regaling themselves with the pipe, while quite a number were gathered around a small fire kindled in one corner of the room to dispel the chilly dampness of the night, which was quite unpleasant, though no rain was actually falling. Among the latter was one to whom we shall give a little attention.

He was an elderly man, dressed in a cloth great-coat, three-cornered hat, and top-boots of fine calf-skin, which latter article of apparel bespoke him as belonging to the wealthier classes, for none but the rich wore boots of so costly material. His whole air was that of a traveler, for, under his arm he held a little bundle, while his dexter hand grasped a very formidable-looking article in the shape of a walking-stick. Indeed, at this time, he was standing very near the little smoking fire, as if to dry the moisture which his garments had imbibed during a walk, and a goodly-looking citizen was attentively listening to his account of the doings at Fuyck, *alias* Albania, *alias* Albany, and of the reports which had reached that place concerning one Ephraim Lowe's being on the coast.

"Being on the coast, say ye?" interrupted he who had been listening: "why Admiral Lowe has been within the very city, ay, and within these very walls, during the last week."

The traveler started and looked around in evident alarm, as if expecting to see that notable personage; but, the other seeing his motion, proceeded in a tone of assurance:

"Ah, you need not fear him now, for he has gone, and

between you and I," continued he in a low voice, putting his mouth to the traveler's ear, "I had a hand in driving him off;" and then, in a louder voice, and looking round upon the assembly with a tone of assurance: "yes, I, Bartus Spooterken, Hoofd Schout of the city of Nieuw Orange, did press that bold and wicked man hard in this very room no longer than three nights ago; and had not my foot slipped as I had my hand on his collar, I should certainly have taken him. But, he knows me too well ever to return here; so, sir traveler, you need not fear. Ah," continued the burly magistrate, "if I could only again come within arm's length of Ephraim Lowe, he should not a second time escape me, the villain." So saying, the high sheriff walked across the room with the air of a General who has just gained a battle, and called for a glass of Hollands, while the traveler followed him with admiring eyes, no doubt appreciating him as a man of might and valor.

At this moment the Dame entered, and, casting her eye around the apartment to see, like a thrifty landlady, who was likely among the assemblage to contribute toward her till, her gaze rested upon the figure of the traveler, in evident astonishment. The valiant magistrate saw her surprise, and thinking that it was on account of the stranger, hastily hastled up and obsequiously informed the Dame in a loud tone of voice that the traveler was a friend of his, though not of very long standing, and requested her to extend all civility to him. The hostess promised she would, and turned to her duties. Meanwhile the conversation turned upon the morrow and the events which it was destined to fulfill. The traveler all the while seemed gathering new intelligence, and his astonishment evidently increased.

The matter of the spies being executed was duly discussed, and then the conversation turned upon a more engrossing topic, to understand which, it is necessary here to dilate a little upon the ancient customs of the town.

From the foundation of the town, it had always been the custom among the tradespeople and artisans, to seize the opportunity of any holiday or festival-making for the purpose of exercising themselves in games and feats of strength and agility. In process of time, bickerings and jealousies sprung up, and, from acting in unison they split into two parties, which

at the time we write of were arrayed against each other in bitter hostility.

This hostility was by no means ameliorated from the fact that the prize had always been carried off by one party, while the other suffered the disgrace and labored under the ignominy of defeat. Of course, the animosity waxed warmer and warmer, till at that moment, it was fairly at its height.

The party which had always been victorious, was called the Vly, or Fly-men, from the fact that their residence was without the Water Poort, (or water-gate,) at what was then styled the Smit's Vly. The champion of this party, who was considered the strongest man in the colony, and who always bore off the palm, was one Watson Sledge, a blacksmith, or, as he was commonly styled, "Wat of the Sledge." He was a man of gigantic stature and well proportioned, and from the constant use of the heavy hammers which he plied to perfect the necessities of his art, his naturally brawny arms had become very large and muscular, while their natural covering had assumed nearly the color of the smoke from his furnace.

The other party, which always had suffered the disgrace of being worsted, was called the Wall Party, (or Wall-men,) from their living within the walls of the city. Their champion was the miller, he of the dusty coat, and was called "Rob o' the Mill." He was a well-built, merry-faced looking Dutchman—that is, when you could get a glimpse of his face, which was no easy matter to do through the flour-dust, and other marks of his trade which he always carried about with him. He was a man of goodly proportions too, but not so large as Wat of the Sledge; still, in feats of strength which he was selected to try with Wat he very nearly equaled him.

Rob had been the champion of the Wall men for the last four years, but unfortunately for him and his party, had always been unwell just at the time of the trial, with a sore head, strained shoulder, or some other ailment, which in a manner incapacitated him, while his antagonist had always been in the full glow of vigorous health.

With this little digression we resume our story.

The traveler, who seemed to have a taste for all kinds of information, now that the hanging gossip had dropped, was attentively listening to the new-broached subject with equal

appearances of satisfaction and curiosity, sometimes gratifying the latter by putting a question or two to some one or other of the speakers. The conversation went on, and the praise was all on one side—in favor, too, of the Wall men—as only members interested on one side were present, while scandal and vituperation of the absent party was profuse.

“I say, Mynheer Spooturken,” said one who was standing near the fire by the traveler, and addressing himself to the Hoofd Schout, “you mean, of course, to be present at the match to-morrow, which is to be played between Wat o’ the Sledge and Rob o’ the Mill?”

“Ay, that do I,” replied that dignitary, “for I suppose I must e’en be present in my official capacity,” said he, bristling up his little square figure to its full height, “to suppress any mobs or violence which might grow out of this said match; but, an I was only the man I used to be a score of years back, (here he laid down his glass of Hollands,) I would not suffer the indignities put upon us by these Vly-men, nor should they carry off the palm of victory longer, for, by the good St. Nicholas, this bragging, windy-mouthed Wat o’ the Sledge should find there was yet one man of metal to be dealt with, and (in a lower voice) one that he would not wish the handling of more than once.”

“Ay, truly, Mynheer Spooturken,” continued he who had first addressed him, willing to conciliate a man of so great importance as the Hoofd Schout, “I have some recollections of hearing sundry of your feats, which showed you to be even a man of bone and sinew, but that was before you left the good old city of Amsterdam, and, as you say, a score of years or so the younger.”

In this way the conversation proceeded till every thing had been touched upon, and the traveler, who was by no means a listless listener, deduced the following inferences: that there was to be on the morrow a merry-making; that four sailors were to be hung on Bayard’s Mount; that there was to be a trial of skill between the two champions; that the valiant and worthy Bartus Spooturken, Hoofd Schout of the town of Nieuw Orange, was to honor the festivity with his presence; and furthermore, the stranger inwardly determined that he also would be present and witness how the champions

conducted themselves; "and I mayhap," muttered he to himself, as he laid down the little bundle which he had till now held under his arm, and grasped his stick with a firmer grip, "mayhap I may chance to meet this worthy man, this Bartus Spooturken, alone and without witnesses. I would such were my fortune, for I have even a little account with this magistrate which must be balanced."

As the bell in the fort swung forth its noisy peals, the company dispersed, and the Hoof Schout, stepping to the traveler, tendered him an invitation to be present at the execution and festivities on the coming day, and, turning to the Dame, requested her to be careful of the stranger. Then, putting on his short cloak, pulling his broad-brimmed hat over his eyes, and lighting his pipe, he too sallied forth with a vigorous step to encounter the sour blast of the night. A few moments after the magistrate had departed, Paul Splentcher entered from the street, leading along with him a female wrapped in a hood. As she stepped within the apartment, she gayly flung off the cumbersome mantle which had served the double purpose of protection from the night-air and discovery, and came forth from the folds of the garment which had fallen at her feet as pretty a lassie, Paul thought, as he had seen in many a long day. She was rather tall, with a blonde complexion, dark hair, dark eyes, and her smile seemed the personification of good nature and a sweet temper. She was greeted by the Dame, at once, as an old acquaintance.

"Ah, Mistress Eugénie, I thought you would soon be following your sweet young mistress; but mind and keep a good eye on that Paul," said the old Dame, jocosely, "for he is a roguish fellow."

"Monsieur Paul," returned the damsel, "est il? Ah, no, I think Monsieur Paul to be veritablement un homme d'honneur."

"By my word, Miss Eugénie, an' it's there ye'r right; Paul's jist the b'y for ye."

"Och, och, yes, yes," replied Eugénie, not exactly understanding what had been said, but with true French tact making some reply: "c'est vrai je puis bien vous assurer."

The Dame smiled, as did the traveler; and the French girl, as if entirely conscious of the ways of the good woman's

little domicile, passed through the tap-room and on to the apartment beyond.

"Well, Paul," said the Dame, "you have succeeded in getting the girl, but didn't she demur to come with you alone, and at this hour of the night?"

"Och, no, Misthress Bonny," replied Paul, "Miss Eugany and I's had many a bit word thegither, and didn't she say herself, that Paul was the b'y for her?"

"Did you tell her where Miss Elvellynne is, Paul?" asked the Dame.

"The divil a bit did I, Mistress Bonny, for fare she might be frightened. I only towld her that Miss Elvellynne had bid me bring, her by the same towken that she give me a bit of letther to delivher, which I did give my own self to Miss Eugany."

"And you had no difficulty then at all?" replied Mrs. Bonny.

"Divil a bit did I," knowingly replied Paul, "barrin' a bit of a slap, which she give me in return for a bit of a luss which I stowl from her rowsy chake as I was lifthin' her over the Alderman's fence, thinking to pay myself for my thruble."

To explain Paul's sudden appearance, let us retrace back a little. When Captain Vincent had given chase to the *Merry Christmas*, it will be remembered that the brigantine outsailed him, and that, ere nightfall, he was obliged to give up the pursuit as hopeless, and sail back to his old anchorage, from which point he was determined to start with the forlorn hope of rescuing the four men who had been captured with him. No sooner had the *Greyhound* "gone about," than the *Merry Christmas* performed the same evolution, thereby exactly reversing the position of the two vessels, the one which had pursued now appearing to fly, while the pursued seemingly in turn gave chase. The night, which was just falling, favored this maneuver, and, long ere the *Greyhound* had reached her old anchorage, the *Merry Christmas*, from superior sailing, had run in and dropped anchor in the little bay, memorable from the capture of the Government boat with the luckless Schout. From this point, at Elvellynne's suggestion, the Admiral had dispatched Paul with her instructions to bring

of her tire-woman, Eugénie Vallanse, which he effected without much trouble, and it was her whom we have but just seen in the Dame's little tap-room.

After the maid's disappearance, the traveler soon made a similar move, and, ere long, the house was in silence.

CHAPTER VIII.

SPORT.

THE night had become quite stormy, and the wind swept howling around the angles of the buildings in hollow blasts, bearing along on its breath, the quick-pattering rain. The streets were deserted for the more comfortable fireside. Not even the uncertain footstep of dissipation's votary, wending his way to some haunt of revelry, was abroad. It was during a hard blast, that moaned piteously as it rattled the big drops against the windows, that a figure, carefully opening the door of the Dame's little tap-room, issued forth, and sped with a swift but noiseless step along the Here-Graft. It was the traveler. Arrived within the vicinity of the fort, he crept cautiously forward, within a few feet of the sentinel, whose measured footfall he could distinctly hear, while the dashing rain and misty darkness precluded all possibility of seeing or being seen. Crawling along carefully, the traveler passed the fort and proceeded down the sloping plat of grass between it and the river. This was soon cleared, and he reached the water. Here, he raised himself erect, and tried to peer through the all-pervailing darkness, which he seemed to effect, for again crouching, he altered his course and was soon by a post to which was attached a boat. Into this he stepped, and taking a large knife from his pocket, applied it to the painter. Instead of separating, it only yielded a harsh, ex-grating noise. It was chain. The traveler uttered an exclamation of impatience and vexation, and winding a turn or two of the chain around both hands, with a sudden effort he snapped it in twain. It gave forth a clanking noise, which

was prevented reaching the sentry's ears by the swashing of the agitated waters; and the traveler, seizing an oar, shoved off amid the darkness.

An hour elapsed, and the same figure was again gliding along the Here-Graft, in the direction of the Dame's. He reached the door and entered; there we shall leave him for a few hours to enjoy the sweets of repose, till the morrow again brings him into notice.

At nine of the clock in the forenoon, the prisoners were to be executed. What were the feelings of the four seamen, through this dreary night, we shall not attempt to depict. Suffice it to say, that the night at last waned, and the glimmerings of the morn stealing into their cells, faintly lighting up the damp walls, announced to them that their hour was near. But the stout-hearted sons of Neptune either were unconscious or insensible of their dreadful situation.

"I say, old Dutchman," said a tall, full-whiskered Englishman, "good-morning to you," addressing himself to the keeper, who was almost as much frightened as if himself was to be executed instead of the merry-faced seamen now quizzing him. "How's the old woman, eh?"

"Blow my top-lights, old Dutchy," said a second, who was sitting on a bench swinging his legs and spitting at a mark, "you must turn out early in these parts. What do you think of the weather, old cock, eh?"

"Halloo there, you son of a pot-slower," cried a third, very innocently converting the keeper's hat (which he had put down) into a spit-box, "clap your helm aweather and stand this way, till I get a sight of your ugly mug. Blow me, if I ain't a mind to eat you instead of this dirty mush."

The fourth, a roguish-looking chap, very seriously proposed to his shipmates to strip the poor keeper, trice him up, and give him a dozen with their knife lanyards, laid up together. This, in fact, they were about to do, when the guard arriving to conduct them to the place of execution, prevented their giving Mynheer (as they said) a taste of man-o'-war discipline.

Slowly the unfortunate seamen were marched along through the gate, and on the Bouwery road, under a guard of twenty soldiers.

Meanwhile, as day dawned, and as soon as the city gates were thrown open, the people, who all rose with the day, began to flock forth in groups toward the scene of conflict between the Wall-men and Vly-men. It was a beautiful September morning. The Bowery road was thronged as far as the eye could reach, among the trees and foliage, with people of every description. Quite in front of the revelers, might be seen the barly magistrate, accompanied by his worthy friend, Mynheer Brevoort, for whom he showed a singular liking, since his strong assistance on the evening previous. The tall form of "Wat of the Sledge" moved along encircled by a band of his friends, while he of the mill was in a similar manner escorted by those who sustained him as their champion. There had been a challenge from both parties, each one braving the other to some feat which he was to name and perform; and he that failed to do both, was to be adjudged the loser. What these feats were, had not been named by either champion, but it was easily divined that Wat of the Sledge would not wander very far from his trade.

Among the many who thronged the highway, was the traveler, whom we left the preceding evening at Dame Bonny's. He seemed to be known to no one, for he was walking apart from the crowd, and in an independent manner, which seemed to court the acquaintance of none; still, he was an attentive listener to all that was said within his hearing, and often proposed questions to the urchin at his side, whom he had hired as a guide. He seemed not aware, however, that he himself was no inconsiderable object of attention and curiosity to many. He was evidently of the higher class, as his dress betokened; still he was unattended either by slave or servant, and had given, at the Dame's where he lodged, no name whereby he might be known.

This curiosity, however, about the stranger, gradually subsided, or gave place to the more important and immediate considerations of the day, as they drew near to the spot selected for the coming contest. It was a level piece of ground, shaded by venerable old trees, throwing their gnarled branches overhead, till quite meeting, and thus forming a grateful protection against the scorching rays of the sun. The grass beneath had been thickly strewn with bark from

the neighboring tanneries, to prevent any slip of the fool which might occur to the discomfiture of either champion.

When our traveler had arrived at the scene of action, he found the two antagonists already preparing for the contest. Wat o' the Sledge was receiving from two of his workmen a brace of heavy hammers, each one weighing fifty pounds, and made exactly alike. Rob o' the Mill was attending in person to the unloading of a small cart, which contained an immense sack of salt, marked in large figures 800, to signify that it weighed that number of pounds.

The friends of both parties were gathered around their respective leaders, laughing, talking, and throwing in words of encouragement. Here and there were erected little booths, under whose shelter the owners vended cider, Hollands, cakes, and other sorts of refreshments, to whoever called for them. Boys were pitching seawants, young men quoits, while here and there might be seen a comely maiden listening, well pleased, to the tale which some favored youth was whispering in her ear. The spot selected for the trial of strength, lay just at the foot of the slight elevation called Bayard's Mount, on which the prisoners were to be executed. On the crown of this little elevation, and looming up amid the mist which yet lingered around its summit, stood the gallows. A large group of men and boys was collected directly beneath this hideous machine, attentively viewing its height and strength, and some, as their gesticulations would seem to indicate, were passing comments upon it, or with upraised hands, pointing out some deficiency or excellence. At length, all preliminaries being settled, the waving crowd below began to move, and the antagonists took their places on the cleared spot, which was left solely to them.

It was the custom for him who had been last beaten, always to perform the first feat, and thereby test the strength of the other. Wat o' the Sledge stood at one end of the little square with his ponderous hammers, one on either side, resting on the ground. His sleeves were rolled up above the elbows, and displayed his arms, long, brawny, and of a nondescript color, something between a light-blue and a brown. The miller stood a little distance from him, and in a listless attitude, as if not caring which way the fortune of the day would

turn; but there was a quick heaving of his powerful and finely-molded chest, and a slight quivering of the lip, which told to a keen-eyed observer, that Rob o' the Mill was not really so disinterested or apathetic as he would seem.

"Come, miller," cried the high sheriff, "show your metal to the smit, and let this day be memorable for the victory turned."

The miller stripped his dusty coat from his broad shoulders, and rolled up his sleeves to the elbow. His arms, like his stature, were short and thick, while those of the smith were long and sinewy.

"Well, Wat," said he of the mill, walking across the little arena, and shaking hands with the brawny smith, which was always the custom previous to the contest, to show that the champions bore no ill-will to each other, but were simply performing, in all good nature, the parts which had been assigned them by their respective parties, "yonder is my task, by the little barrow," pointing to the sack which was marked 800; "can you buck it and walk ten rods, and round again?"

"Faith, friend Rob," replied the smith, "it is a weighty work, that same, but nath'less, after you have accomplished it, I will e'en try my hand."

It was a great weight to carry, eight hundred pounds of salt, and many doubted if either of the champions would be able to effect it. The weight itself, however, was not the great drawback, for when once fairly on the shoulders, it was no more than a very strong man, such as each of the champions was supposed to be, ought to carry. The great difficulty was in raising the load from the ground, and seating it once fairly on the shoulders, and here the miller had the undoubted advantage, for to raise a full sack from the ground to the shoulders requires nearly as much tact or sleight of hand, as strength.

The miller, from lifting heavy sacks daily, had acquired this practice, while the smith was a tyro in the art, and, being well aware wherein the real difficulty consisted, Rob o' the Mill had selected this particular feat, hoping therein to outdo his antagonist. The ground was measured off, and the stout miller, kneeling on one knee by the sack, with both hands over his right shoulder, seized the ligatures or loops, which

were purposely attached to accommodate the grasp. All eyes were intent upon Rob, as he made a moment's delay the better to adjust the sack, and Wat o' the Sledge stood by, attentively scanning the miller's every motion. Gradually he bent forward till his forehead nearly touched the ground, the sack straining and cracking as if it would burst, till at last the whole weight was thrown into it. One after the other the corners lifted, as the contents settled down, till the ponderous weight was fairly clear of the ground. With a steady motion, Rob rose from his bended knee, regained his footing, and proceeded forward with a powerful step.

"Hurrah for the miller! Rob o' the Mill forever!" shouted the Wall-men, in tones of encouragement.

For the first eight rods the miller proceeded with a steady step; but ere he had reached the point at which he was to turn and come back, his steps began slightly to waver.

The Wall-men saw that their champion began to fail, and set up another encouraging shout of, "Well done, miller! well done! Do it strong! You're half-way!"—and other similar encouraging cries.

The miller picked up additional strength and resolution, and, for a moment, regained a firm step; but, ere he had reached half-way on his return to the starting-point, his steps again began to falter, and deviate widely from a straight line. Still, he hung manfully to the huge load, and bent him over to the task. With dilated nostril and bulging eye, he neared the goal. The bag began to surge downward, and his hands were drawn nearly over to the middle of his back, while his forehead was bent almost to the ground. Down, downward, sallied the sack; but the tenacious Rob still kept his powerful gripe, till just at the goal it relaxed, the sack fell, but was fairly on the mark.

The Wall-men raised a deafening shout of approbation, and closed round their champion. The exertion had been great, but a glass of good Hollands soon revived the merry miller, and he took his stand among the many, to witness Wat's performance.

The gigantic smith knelt, in the same manner as the miller had done before him, and raised the sack; but, in attempting to regain his footing, swerved a little to one

side, and his ponderous burden tumbled heavily to the ground.

The Wall-men set up a shout of exultation, but the smith soon bent himself again to the task, and this time, with success.

Strung with the disgrace of his first failure, the smith strided forward, nor was there any indication of wavering when he had even reached so far as the turning-point. All eyes were intent upon him, when one of the two loops broke. With the quickness of thought, Wat lowered the useless hand, and bringing it round behind him, supported the sack below. Notwithstanding this great disadvantage, the powerful smith staggered on, reeling beneath the sack like a drunken man. He gained the goal, proceeded several yards beyond, and then dropped the sack.

The Vly-men, in turn, shouted in defiance, and loudly extolled their leader.

A few moments rested the champions, while the company dispersed to neighboring booths to refresh themselves and talk over the matter.

The Vly-men, now that their chief had met the enemy on his own ground and come off best, did not doubt the event of the feat to follow, but already began to talk about victory.

The traveler, meanwhile, was an idle but an interested looker-on, and lingered around the spot, while others were gone to the little booths which held out their attractions all around. He liked the hammers of the smith, examined their workmanship, and put many questions to his little guide.

At length the company returned to the arena, and the smith proposed to the miller that they should now attempt his feat, at the same time twirling one of the weighty hammers about between his finger and thumb.

"Ay, but, Wat," replied he o' the mill, "you don't mean to leave those lumps of iron, do you?" at the same time weighing one of the hammers in his hand.

"Ay, friend Rob, that do I verily," rejoined he o' the sled-re: "and he that throws his hammer to the greatest distance from the mark I will make with my foot, wins the day. What say you, Rob?" asked the confident smith. "Will you try it, or will you e'en give up the day without a stroke for it?"

The latter stood irresolute, for he felt that to contend with

Wat at his own trade was useless. The Wall-men urged him on; but he was resolute, and protested against contending with a man who had beaten him at his own trick.

The smith looked proudly and confidently around as he stood with the hammer in his bony hand, and cried to the Wall-men in a taunting tone to produce their champion, or the day was his.

There were among the Wall-men many men of very great strength, but none so preëminently gifted as Wat o' the Sledge, and not one could be found who would venture to compete with the mighty smith. The Wall-men, much disheartened, were about relinquishing the palm, and the exulting smith was loudly declaring the day to be his, when the traveler, who had been standing by, a disinterested spectator, and altogether unnoticed in the general interest, mildly stepped forward and addressed the vaunting smith.

"Friend smith," said he, "if the miller agreeth, and his party is willing, I will even venture a little throw for the honor of the Wall-men."

The smith looked at the coated figure of the traveler in scorn, and replied that he was ready for any man, Wall-man or traveler, or whatever he might be.

It was soon noised throughout the assemblage that the Wall-men had found a champion who would venture to compete with the smith, and the company all pressed forward to get a glimpse of the man who was so audacious.

The Vly-men, who had till now felt the day their own, pricked forward in some alarm when they heard the intelligence, and gathered round the little arena.

The crowd soon became quite dense, and many who were unable to obtain a position where they might view the new-comer, had recourse to the old trees, and the limbs overhead, soon were alive with men and boys of both parties, anxious to get a sight of the contest.

The traveler was now regarded by all as an object of interest; but many, comparing his frame with that of the gigantic smith, began to make inferences not at all in his favor.

"By St. Nicholas, sir traveler," said the burly Hoofd Schout, at that instant coming up, and recognizing the

stranger, whom he had met on the previous evening, and whom he had invited to be present at the festivity; "you are here to some purpose, I trow; but, beware, for he of the anvil has the advantage of you in weight, inches, and years."

The Wall-men very readily and gladly gave their consent to the traveler's offer, while he of the mill as strongly seconded them, glad to be relieved from bearing the most prominent part in a strife which had always ended in the defeat and disgrace of his party and himself: Permission being granted to the traveler to play the part which he had assumed, he made no other preparation than by rolling up his sleeves, which action displayed to the eager eyes of the party, whose cause he had espoused, a small white arm elegantly tapering toward the wrist. Many exclamations of surprise and even veneration, were vented at this sight; for, how was a gentleman, one with a white and delicate arm, to hold any even game with the rough smith, inured to toil and hardship? As the traveler rolled his sleeve further up, the white arm began to swell, and swell, till near the elbow it had assumed quite a goodly size, notwithstanding the delicate taper.

"Sir Smith," said he, having finished this little preparation, "will you make a heave?"

"Not with one who is nameless," gruffly replied the smith, willing to vent his spleen at being pitted against a gentle white-armed man in that way. "We always have a name here, sir traveler, and suppose that you have one; mine is, Wat o' the Sledge," haughtily concluded he.

"Truly, as you say, Sir, Wat o' the Sledge, I have a name. You may put me down as one William, or Willy, Wintle; and now, if it pleases, will you even make your throw?"

"And what," asked the smith, sneeringly, "will you heave for, sir traveler? for you would perhaps like some remuneration for the great and uncommon exertion which you will make. Have you yet seen the tools which we of the 'Vly handle?"

"No," replied the traveler to these taunts, in a calm voice. "I have not seen any thing but those two large heavy hammers at your feet. Truly you wouldn't use these?"

"Ha! ha!" roared the smith, thinking his antagonist was already alarmed at the sight of the weighty tools; "truly, sir

traveler, or Wintle, these are precisely the little things I would challenge you to throw, and that too, for whatever you please. What say, you shall be the stakes?"

"Your services for one year against that trinket," replied Wintle, pulling out a beautiful golden time-keeper set with jewels, which he deposited in the smith's hand.

"It is a beautiful piece, truly, Sir Wintle," said the smith, turning the watch over in his huge paw; "and I should hardly know in what corner of my shop to deposit it; but nath'less, it shall be e'en as you say. My services for one year at whatever you please, against the repeater. And now, sir traveler, in good feeling, I would e'en advise ye to doff that great-coat, for on my word you'll need it. When Wat o' the Sledge heaves, for the honor of the Vly, and a watch besides, worth more than his shop, tools, and every thing he owns in the world, it will be no child's play, I can assure ye."

"Nay, nay, sir smith," replied he of the road, "an you beat me the first throw, it will be time enough to doff the garment at the second."

"Oh, doff the coat, doff the coat, sir traveler," cried many of the Wall-men, prepossessed in favor of Willy Wintle, not only because he had assumed their part, but because of his mild and unpretending diction. "Ay, doff the coat, Mynheer Wintle," said the officious Hoofd Schout, stumping up, and laying hold of the garment.

"Nay, nay, my friends," persisted Willy, "I am about making a throw with the stout smith, for your honors and a little stake we have pending between us; an it please you, I would rather do it mine own way."

"Let him alone, let him do it," again cried the vacillating multitude, and the Hoofd Schout, gently repulsed, stepped back.

"Now, Sir Wat o' the Sledge," said Willy, "to it like a man, an I put no trust in a white arm."

The smith looked contemptuously at his adversary, and, as if to illustrate it practically, seized one of the hammers, and with a careless toss, threw it from him. The ponderous missile, though carelessly thrown, had gathered great impetus from the powerful arm which hurled it, and rising high in the air, descended to the ground some feet beyond the last year's

throw, where it lay half buried in the sod. A shout ensued from the Vly-men, for, contrary to their expectations, the hammer had flown beyond the last year's throw, which had won them the victory.

"There, sir traveler," said the smith, not even watching the extent of his cast, but turning immediately to his competitor, "there is my throw; can you better it?"

"No," returned his opponent; "but I would advise you to do it, and throw with more care, else your stalwart limbs, friend smith, will be at my disposal for one year."

"Pooh, pooh, idle vaunting," returned the smith; "make as good a cast, Sir Wintle, and I will not be backward to better it."

The traveler smiled, and stepping forward, with a careless air, and great seeming ease, lifted the remaining hammer from the ground, weighed it well in his hand, examined it carefully, and putting one foot forward, with a single swing dismissed the massive iron from his grasp. A shout of acclamation from both parties rent the air, as the hammer, skimming along the ground, buried itself a yard beyond the smith's.

The miller stepped up and took the traveler by the hand, while the smith looked around with mingled feelings of astonishment, vexation and alarm. He thought of the bargain contracted between himself and the stranger, who had just shown a specimen of his enormous strength, and wished that he had either never made the bargain, or that he knew how much of the stranger's force remained behind. He looked around and saw the countenances of the Wall-men brightening, while his own party appeared dejected. To be outdone now, after vaunting so much, and to be outdone at his own trick too, would be a great disgrace, besides bringing upon him the forfeit of his person for the period of one year. Maddened by these reflections and the momentary elation of the opposite party, the stout smith seized the hammer brought to him, and bent all his energies to the coming cast.

There was no careless parade of *nonchalance*, no vaunting boasts, or taunts thrown at his opponent, but in silence he eyed the distance before him, carefully examined the ground under foot, rubbed his hand with sand and poised the heavy hammer in mid-air. For a moment it moved with a slow,

pendulous motion, till, having gained momentum, it flew with the speed of thought around the smith's head, performing four or five evolutions; then, discharged from his powerful gripe, it went whizzing through the air and fell at nearly twice the distance reached in the former cast.

"There, sir traveler," said the smith, attentively watching his cast this time, and appearing well satisfied with it, "an you go beyond that you are a better man than Wat o' the Sledge, and the day is yours, together with my services for one year."

"But will you not try again," responded the traveler, "and mayhap better that?"

"No, no," replied he of the hammer, "an you better it, the day, as I said before, is yours."

The smith had made a powerful cast, and one of which he need not have been ashamed. It was then with no common degree of anxiety and attention, that both parties watched the traveler as he once more took his stand on the arena. He, too, after the smith's example, threw aside all appearance of carelessness, and viewed the ground with a quick, unhesitating eye, but without that look of anxiety which had overspread the countenance of his opponent. As he grasped the hammer, the muscles stood out like whip-cord, and gathered beneath the elbow in a large bulb, that evinced no common strength. The smith eyed his arm with admiration, and even the dullest now began to perceive the beautiful proportions of his close-knit frame. A few powerful swings put the sledge in motion, till flying round the traveler's head with too great velocity for the sight to follow, it was discharged from his hand and was seen again skimming along the ground. It reached the smith's hammer, passed on quite over and beyond, and lit on the greensward, ten feet on the other side! An exclamation of joy from a hundred stentorian lungs rent the still air, and, during the general rejoicing, the traveler slipped on one side unnoticed.

At this juncture, the boys shouted: "The prisoners, the prisoners; there come the spies." Looking along the road, the multitude perceived the arms glittering in the sun, and, a moment after, the four unfortunate men themselves, walking in the center of the guard, but unpinioned.

During the momentary interest caused by the approach of the prisoners, the traveler succeeded in making a retreat. When the interest had somewhat subsided and the Wall-men turned to look for the stranger who had thus unexpectedly turned the day in their favor, he was gone. As the prisoners under the care of the guard were slowly toiling up toward the summit of that elevation on which they were to breathe their last, quite a different and unexpected party were also travelling toward the same point of destination on the other side of the mount. They were quite a numerous party, numbering perhaps about forty, well armed, marching in close file, and headed by a young man in a naval uniform, who seemed to direct their movements. In his hand he held a drawn sword, at his belt was suspended a brace of pistols, and his whole ~~that~~ ^{entire} ~~entire~~ was altogether that of one seemingly bent upon some daring and dangerous enterprise. It was Captain Vincent. The shout from the crowd announcing the approach of the prisoners, informed him that no time was to be lost. With a celebrated step he marched up his men, and on reaching the brow of the hill where stood the hateful gallows, they were confronted face to face with the approaching guard. The instrument of death reared its horrid form directly before and almost midway between the two parties.

"Silence, all!" shouted Vincent. "Present arms, take aim; and now," said he, addressing himself to the astonished guard, "surrender, lay down your arms, and give up the prisoners, or I fire."

The guards, taken so unexpectedly, very considerably complied with the modest request, laid down their arms, wheeled about, and at Vincent's command, very quietly marched down the hill, leaving the prisoners behind them. The seamen gave three loud, good, hearty English cheers to welcome back their shipmates, so suddenly delivered from an impending fate, wheeled about with their leader and marched back in the direction whence they had come.

"It was well done," muttered the traveler, who at a little distance, leaning against a tree, had watched the whole movement. The seamen soon disappeared, winding along beneath the trees till their march terminated at that point of land now called Corlear's Hook; here they embarked in the boats

waiting for them, and, shoving out into the stream, were soon rapidly pulling for the Buttermilk channel.

This daring exploit struck consternation into the hearts of many, and the cry of "The English," "The English," was a sound that speedily put an end to all farther festivity. The disappointed people hurried in groups toward the city.

The last of the hurrying crowd had disappeared at a turn in the road, when the portly figure of the burly Hoofd Schout issued from the door of a little hostelry near by, where he had probably tarried for an additional glass of Hollands, and be-took himself to the road.

He had proceeded perhaps a quarter of a mile or more, and had arrived at a glen, just about where Pearl street crosses present Chatham, when he became aware of a rapid footstep behind him. At the bottom of this glen was a rude bridge, affording a passage over the water, which set up to that point from the river.

In the plenitude of his soul, but whether moved by the recollections of the buxom landlady, or by the influence of her Hollands, he began to hum a Dutch air. He had hardly commenced exercising his musical talent, when his attention was arrested by a fine voice, half singing, half chanting the following words, which seemed to be composed at the performer's pleasure :

The greenwood tree, and the birds for me;
And the roar of the laughing sea;
Where we fear no Schout, as we turn about
On wings like the eagle free.
The ship flies fast in the roaring blast,
Which bends the yards, and sways the mast;
But we fear no breeze on the flashing seas,
And laugh when the storm is past.

"By St. Nicholas, a good and a merry song, sir traveler," said the Hoofd Schout, as the new-comer made his appearance on the brow of the hill; "thou art as good at the song as the hammer. Truly, an thou art going toward the city, I would willingly bear thee company, and can perhaps lend thee a hand at a stave."

"With right good will, Sir Hoofd Schout, would I bear thee company, and e'en try thee at a song, for a cup of the Dame's best Hollands," replied the traveler; "but I fear me

on would weary of my company, ere we had passed a third of the journey."

So saying he stepped to the roadside, where was a clump of tall hazels and young hickories. From among these he selected the tallest and stoutest wand, which he cut with his knife and stripped of its twigs and branches.

"Hail, Sir traveler," said the magistrate, "methinks so stout a man as you have this day proved yourself to be, should need no artificial aid, on the good highway."

"Friend H. W. Schout," said he, "touching the matter of the stick, I would fain have a word with thee, as I have cut it and trimmed it for a very curious purpose."

"What may that be, Sir Winkle?" asked the unconscious Schout.

"Why," replied the stranger, "there have been sundry disturbances lately, at the east, caused by some unknown thing, denominated witchcraft, of which you, being a man of erudition, have probably heard."

"Ay, verily," replied the magistrate, looking down with a thoughtful air, "and a very bad thing it is too."

"There I agree with thee perfectly," interposed the traveler, "and now I am truly and most sanely possessed with the belief, friend Burtas Spouterken, that this same malady hath verily entered into thy portly and comely-looking person, in the shape of one spirit, styled commonly self-conceit, or a boasting and lying tongue, which I, Ephraim Lowe, 'that bold and wicked man whom thou didst so hard press in the tap-room of one Dame Benny, and whom thou didst promise to capture, if ever thou couldst come within arm's length of him again,' would now out of kindness toward thee, drive out of thy body, even as the monks and friars of old were wont to do, with much dandelion and stripes; after which, if it appeareth meet to thee, I will journey on to the city in thy company, and even try with thee, who is the better man at trudging of a stage." So saying, Lowe, for it indeed was he, seized the travelling Schout by the arm, and commenced the flagellation. It may be conceived that a switching, with a good hickory stick, handled by so powerful a man as the Admiral, was no joke, and the corpulent magistrate capered round under its effect, very much like a delinquent school

boy "Oh! oh! oh!" roared the magistrate—each "oh" growing louder than its neighbor, while his capers at the same time, assumed very much the appearance of a "jumping jack."

"Has the evil spirit yet left thee, sir magistrate?" cried the Admiral; "but no," continued he, plying the switch with still more vigor; "I know him of old, to be a hard and stubborn spirit."

"For the love of God and St. Nicholas," sputtered the blubbering dignitary, "have mercy."

"Has the evil spirit left thee, I say again?" cried the Admiral.

"Mercy, mercy! oh! oh! oh!" ejaculated the valiant magistrate, bringing round his stumpy arm and clapping his hand upon the injured part, while he cut such outrageous capers as to make even the little boy who had guided the traveler, laugh most heartily. Whack, whack, whack, the strokes resounded along the little valley, while the magistrate cut pirouettes, minuettes, and all sorts of "ettes," to their music.

"Have pity, sir traveler, have pity; I am a Wall-man, one for whom thou didst this day exert thyself so manfully."

"Ay," replied the Admiral, "and I am showing my further predilection for thee, by this present exertion. Has the evil spirit yet left thee?" continued the old man, smiling, and yet applying the switch vigorously to the burly Schout's seat of honor.

"Yes, yes; gone, gone," sobbed the worthy man, as if his magnanimous heart would break, "clean gone, and I will no more boast of taking thee, an thou beest Ephraim Lowe, or the devil."

"That last stroke cleared him out then," replied the Admiral, dealing a cut of more than ordinary vigor; "and now, if thou thinkest, friend Bartus, he is fairly gone, why, I would fain believe thee and let thee go, for I would not that the innocent should suffer. The flagellation, believe me, Mynheer Spooturken, was intended for the evil spirit; thou must not take it at all to thyself."

So saying, the Admiral released his hold and threw his whip into the water; then, turning to the Schout, he pleasantly continued: "An thou art for the city now, friend Bartus, I have:

no objections to accompany thee, and e'en try a beat at the song of which you but just spoke. Verily, an thou usest thy voice as well as thou didst thy legs, thou art the favorite of the Nine, and would even bear off the palm."

"Nay, sir traveler," rejoined Bartus, shuffling off to put as much distance between himself and the Admiral as possible, "now I bethink me, I have business which calls me on another way to a friend's house."

The Admiral smiled, and proceeded onward toward the city, while the Hoofd Schout pursued another route, which, instead of taking him to a friend's house, led to the western gate of the little town.

Arrived within a short distance of the city, Lowe turned his steps from the main road and struck into a small pathway, which, winding among the scattered trees, led directly to that collection of buildings without the walls called the Smith's Vly.

The urchin, whom he had retained by his side, soon pointed out to him the premises of the stout smith. He entered, and found Wat o' the Sledge already plying his craft with great industry. For a moment the smith did not perceive his entrance, and the Admiral stoped to admire the ingenuity and strength with which he wielded his ponderous tools to perfect some nicety of art. At length, as he looked up from his work and discovered the Admiral, a cloud lowered over his countenance:

"Well, Sir Winkle, you are come," said he, sullenly, "to claim your wager, and I am willing to fulfill it."

"Not so fast, good smith," replied the Admiral; "for on certain conditions only will I claim thy services: it was a foolish wager, and rashly made."

"Nevertheless, I am ready to abide by my word," replied he of the sledge, but will listen to thy conditions."

"Are you married?" then asked the Admiral.

"I am," answered Wat.

"Have you a family?"

"Two girls and a boy," mournfully replied the smith, thinking of the destitute situation of his little ones if his services were taken from them; "and none to provide for them but myself."

"Then, I am not the man to hold thee to thy wager," said

the Admiral. "But one thing, sir smith, I would fain crave of thee, and that is, should I at any time happen to be hard beset, thou shalt if possible render me thy assistance; farther than this I would not of thee, for I too have had little ones, and woe fall well of their destitute condition when death has robbed them of a mother, and left them to the sole guidance of a father. Promise me but this, and keep thy labor for thy little ones."

"That will I, sir traveler," said the grateful smith, bounding forward and seizing his hand; "and it shall go hard with me but I will render thee assistance when thou callest for Wat o' the Vly." The Admiral turned to leave the shop, but found his way opposed by a guard of soldiers.

We left the Hoofd Schout trudging rapidly onward toward the western gate, which he soon entered. Proceeding down the Broad-way, this active officer directed his steps toward the fort in which was the Governor's house. With this dignitary he demanded an interview, and related to the Governor the fact that Ephraim Lowe was then on the island. In five minutes a guard of soldiers was marching through the city to take him. They passed through the water port, and on to the Smith's Vly, whither it was supposed the Admiral had gone to claim of the smith his forfeit.

They had barely arrived at the smith's shop when the Admiral, as we have seen, had turned to depart. "What, he my jolly men," said he, seizing the foremost soldier and dashing him on one side; "make way there, or I make it for myself." So saying, he wrenched a musket from the nearest soldier, and charged directly through the guard. A few steps brought him to his boat. Into this he jumped, and was fairly out into the stream ere the soldiers had recovered from their sudden surprise. They, too, jumped into a boat which lay near by, but Admiral Lowe, in his own boat, was a different man from Admiral Lowe in a heavy Dutch yawl; and so they found him, for the pursuit was soon given over. The Dutchmen even forgot to discharge their fuses at the flying terror, and the great Bartus returned crestfallen to the shore.

CHAPTER IX

A PARTIAL REVELATION.

As the Admiral gayly pulled toward the Buttermilk channel, he descried three large boats making for the passage. At first he thought that his retreat had been cut off, but a momentary and closer observation satisfied him that the boats ahead were none other than those of Vincent with the rescued prisoners. They were pulling very leisurely along, and with a little additional labor he was soon enabled to come up with them. Captain Vincent did not recognize in the person of the coasted traveler the bold Admiral who had once rescued him from the jaws of death; nor, indeed, would he perhaps have noticed him at all with any thing more than a passing glance, had not his attention been attracted to the traveler's swift-moving boat.

"Pull, men, pull," cried the young Englishman, "or a single-handed man will pass you. Pull, pull," cried he, as the traveler was swiftly surging by. They did pull, and manfully too; but notwithstanding their endeavors, the stranger pressed, and lay directly ahead, which position he maintained without any seeming exertion.

"Fairly beaten, fairly beaten, Captain Vincent," cried the stranger, merrily, at the same time sheering one side and allowing the boats to come up, when he extended his hand, which the young men eagerly grasped.

"Hut the Admiral!" muttered he; "and Elvellynne, Elvellynne! How is she?" But changing his voice suddenly to a tone of defiance, he added: "Beware, old man, how you treat the maiden. I have an account to settle with thee, and will brook no injury to her."

The old man smiled as he rejoined: "You are young yet, and know not with whom you would contend. I decline a contest in which I have so much the advantage of years, strength and practice; nevertheless," whispered he, "be at the old anchorage in the little bay to-night, at eight, and I will meet you on board the *Merry Christmas*, where we can settle

all differences to your satisfaction." The Admiral shoved off and disappeared round the point.

As the day slowly declined, and the appointed hour of the meeting approached, Vincent arrayed his person with more than usual care, paying great attention to even the *minutiae* of his dress; and, as the bell on board his majesty's sloop-of-war, *Greyhound*, struck seven in the second dog-watch, (or half-past seven of the clock,) he passed over the rail into the boat which was to bear him to the interview.

It was a lovely September night; just such an one as a man in love delights to be abroad in. Many contending emotions strove for the mastery in the young man's breast, as he sat wrapped in his boat-cloak, in silence. He thought of her whom he had loved, now torn from him by a mysterious hand, and his soul kindled against the perpetrator of this deed; but, as his boat shot around the point into the little bay, and disclosed to him the beautiful brigantine silently floating at her anchor, he looked toward the cabin-windows, which were open, and thought he could discover the figure of Elvellynne Montford flitting backward and forward by it. At the sight of her, whom he remembered at that moment only as his betrothed, he forgot all thoughts of vengeance, all thoughts of a rival, and the dominant feeling was—pure, unalloyed love.

At this instant, the first sound of a musical instrument reached his ear, and he commanded the men to cease pulling. It swelled and increased, till the rambling notes settled into a distinct and beautiful air, and he at once recognized the arch-lute of Elvellynne Montford. The maiden's voice presently blended with the strain, and breathed the following words—words which Vincent himself had taught her, but a week before their unexpected separation:—

Oh! ask me not at evening hour
Why look I on the sea,
And pray for breezes gently fair
To waft thee on to me.

The moonbeam tips the heaving surge,
The sun has kissed the wave;
The zephyr breathes a moaning dirge
To mourn the fair and brave.

'Tis then I look upon the sky,
And scan the watery main;
O blame me not, if, in a sigh,
I wish thee back again!

The voice ceased, and the men, with a few vigorous strokes, shot the boat along side the *Merry Christmas*. Vincent ascended the side and was met by the Admiral, who, conducting him aft, ushered him into the cabin. Elvellynne was still holding the line, and, as he entered, extended to him her hand with her old welcome, and looking more beautiful than ever.

She was dressed in a rich brocade silk, with raised flowers, and the dress, which was made similar to the one in which we first saw her, displayed to great advantage, as she rose to meet the young officer, her truly graceful form.

"Welcome, Charles," said she, with a winning smile, "a hearty welcome to you; and now sit down, for since I have become a sailor, I aspire to all the privileges of the berth, and am even going to spin you a yarn."

It was Elvellynne herself, so like her old witching way that Vincent clasped her to his bosom.

The Admiral, seeing how affairs stood, cried: "Bravely done, young man! you charge well!" and, turning, left the apartment.

"Now, said Elvellynne," gayly leading her lover to a seat, "dispel that gloom on your brow, and make up your mind to settle all your differences with me, instead of Admiral Lowe."

"But, but," gasped Vincent, "what interest has this man in you? He is a pirate!"

"I love him better than myself!" replied the girl. "But hear me," continued she. "I love him for his kindness and care over you, if for no other reason."

The young man breathed more freely, and she continued: "I told you that I claimed the privileges of a sailor, and was about to spin you a yarn; now listen, and I will unfold to you what was never before known by even myself, until revealed to me by my——by this singular man. You have always known my history, as having been left when quite young and helpless, at the house of him who has ever heretofore been my good guardian, Alderman Von Brooter. The circumstances of my entry into his family with quite a large fortune, are too well known to you already, to require me to repeat to them again. It was always to me a reflection causing much grief, that I did not know my lineage. I now

make it known to you as it has been substantiated to me by—Admiral Lowe.

“Your own Elvellynne Montford is the daughter of that good and much-injured man, Edward Hyde, Earl of Charendon, whom the wickedness of a weak and silly monarch, backed by the machinations of a debauched court, has driven from his native land, and whose history I have so often heard with emotions of sympathy for his sufferings, and indignation at his persecutors, little dreaming that while I was mourning the exile and fate of a much-injured and virtuous nobleman, that that nobleman was my father!” Vincent looked upon her with emotions of tenderness and surprise. He had loved Elvellynne Montford solely and purely for herself, and, when a lone orphan, her lineage unknown, he had bowed down before her, and offered the devotion of a sincere heart, laying aside all prejudice, and resolved to have her as his own. He now had his reward; her parentage was known, and she claimed as her sire, one of the first and best nobles that Europe contained.

“And will you,” eagerly asked the young man, fondly taking her hand, “will you still love me, and still be my Elvellynne?”

The maiden blushed, and her silence was favorably construed; the contract was ratified on board the brigantine, and Vincent was once more happy.

We will not weary the reader with the detail of the meeting and parting between the two lovers. Suffice it to say, that they did meet and did part, and that scarcely was Vincent once more on board his own vessel than the *Merry Christmas* was gliding down the bay under a press of sail. With a feeling of despondency, the young man watched the little brig till her last sail had disappeared below the horizon, and then descended to his cabin. He found the cabin lonely, or deemed it so, and returned “on deck.” The deck, too, was unpleasant, and for once he began to think that the fault was in the anchorage. He had never thought so while Elvellynne was near. Accordingly the sloop was put under way, and stood out to sea for “a cruise.”

CHAPTER X.

A CHASE—AND SOMETHING ELSE.

THREE days after her departure, the *Merry Christmas* was again at anchor in the little island-land bay. The *Greyhound*, also, after a short cruise, returned to her former anchorage, and the old routine of visiting and being visited was resumed by the two vessels. Occasionally, indeed, the Admiral would make a trip to the rendezvous, and Vincent, when conscience whispered him, "duty, duty," would be all vigor and animation, putting to sea for a cruise, but the expiration of a couple of weeks, at most, would always find him snug at the anchorage, when the old Admiral would indulge in a little *bullfight* at his expense, and Elvellynne herself, first playfully blame, and then laugh at him.

Time thus sped on with rapid wing. A year since the opening of these pages had glided imperceptibly away. The brig was lying in the little bay, having just returned from one of the above-mentioned trips, to the rendezvous, and the *Greyhound* had not yet returned from a cruise which she had commenced some ten days before. It was that lovely season of the year, when, as a maiden from a ball, gay nature began to don the brighter garments in which she had reveled through the summer hours, and the scar leaf, floating by the wayfarer on the yet warm-breathing breeze, admonished him, that to every thing there is a fall. Still it was a time when things were lovely. The playful southerly breeze began to hold with her more rude relative a gentle strife and murmur in the forest-leaves, that her territory was encroached upon.

It was on a bright morning, when every thing seemed to sympathize with invigorated nature, that, as the mist gradually dispersed before the rising sun, two figures were slowly winding along beneath the trees, up the little acclivity which leads to the summit of Nutting Island, now Governor's Island.

Nutting Island, in the year 1674, was a wild, uninhabited, beautiful island, rising (as it were) timidly from the surface of the peaceful waters, and having its summit covered with

innumerable hickory trees, which afforded to the youths and maidens at this season of the year, a pleasant and profitable employment.

During the pleasanter months of summer, the island was a favorite retreat for those who dared to make the perilous passage across the waters, and its surface was marked with many diverging paths, each one leading to some rustic bower, or favorite nut-tree. It was now the season for nuts, which might account for the presence of the two individuals. Indeed, the maiden seemed busily gathering of nature's stores, which she would occasionally deposit in a basket carried by her companion, a rather elderly, but fine-looking man. The maiden was in the first blush of youth, and might have attained to eighteen summers. Her dress was of the richest material, as was that of her companion, and such as was worn only by the wealthiest and oldest families. The path which they were traversing led from the crossing-pole (which stretched across Buttermilk channel) quite to the summit of the land. Near by the pole was a small party of men "getting out timber," and discussing the matters which had so lately agitated the colony. The path which has been designated as leading from the pole to the crown of the island, terminated in an open plat of grass, free from trees, and hallowed in the memory of many, as the Trysting-place.

It was about midway between the crossing-pole and Trysting-place, that our couple was startled by the quick, sharp report of a heavy gun, and a moment afterward, a thirty-two-pound shot whirred by, skipping along among the branches, cutting off boughs and twigs, till its progress was arrested by the trunk of a stubborn old oak, in which it remained nearly buried.

"Ha!" said the old man, on examining the shot and discovering a stamp of the king's crown, "there's game afloat. Let us on, my child, and see what it betokens."

Taking the maiden's hand, he hastened forward to the Trysting-place, whence there was a good view seaward. Arrived at this point, both involuntarily stopped to witness what was going on before them. A small sloop-of-war, with English colors, was maneuvering to escape from two heavy Dutch frigates, which had chased her in, and were now driving her

toward the land, where there was no possibility of escape. The little sloop, however, nothing daunted, was beating up with the hope of weathering the island to the north'ard, and so running up the harbor through Salt (or East river, through that intricate passage so little known at that period, and so formidable to mariners, as to have received the name of "Hell Gait." If she could have effected this maneuver, escape would have been no difficult matter; but, at the critical moment, when the sloop was heading half a point higher than the land, the breeze shifted a point and thus cut her off altogether. As she fell off, however, the commander gallantly poured a broadside into the nearest frigate, which cut away the fore-top-gallant-mast, and elicited from his brave English tars a good, hearty cheer.

"Bravely done, young man, bravely done," ejaculated the old man, pleased with his display of daring, and entering as warmly into the spirit of the scene, as if he himself had been a participator. The frigates were now closing rapidly upon the little vessel, and her destruction seemed inevitable, when, with a word of admonition to his daughter, to meet him at the crossing-pole, the old man rushed down toward the beach.

"Father, father," cried the maiden, "my dear father, is it, is it the *Greyhound*?"

The old man stopped a minute, arrested by the voice of his child, and simply replied: "It is, but she is safe."

"Thank God, then," faintly ejaculated the girl, and betook herself to the pathway, placing implicit reliance upon her father's affirmation. A few steps brought the old man to the beach, and within hail of the little sloop, where, raising his hands to his mouth, he shouted, "Ho, oh! The *Greyhound*, ahoy!"

"Hallo! Who hails?" was returned from the sloop, in the well-known voice of her commander.

"To the channel, to the channel," shouted the old man; "there's water enough to carry you through, and I will see the pole clear."

The sloop fell off, the yards were trimmed, and once more the *Greyhound* was dashing on under full sail in the direction of the Buttermilk channel. The old man having waited to see if his advice was taken, now turned in an easterly direction

and strode rapidly on. The frigates, thinking that their prey was only running further into the net, crowded on sail and gave chase. The *Greyhound* stood gallantly on, receiving the fire of the frigates' bow guns, and as punctually returning the same.

The old man watched every motion of the three vessels with an attentive eye, and an interest apparently not exceeded by that of the maiden who stood at a little distance, with clasped hands, and eyes riveted upon the gallant sloop. As the English cruiser ranged along, the old man hailed her to keep the middle channel, and seizing an ax from one of the workmen, who was listlessly gazing upon the scene, he jumped upon the crossing pole, and, with a few sturdy strokes, which were so powerfully dealt as to excite the admiration of even the timber-cutters, severed the log, which fell heavily into the water and was borne onward by the swift flood-tide. The *Greyhound* dashed through, brushing the marsh-grass on either side, and as she passed, Vincent interchanged compliments with Admiral Lowe, and touched his cap with reverence to Elvellynne, who stood at too great a distance for speech. The Admiral stood with the ax in his hand, watching the sloop as she slipped up the bay, and had fairly forgotten the presence of the two frigates till aroused by Elvellynne.

"See, father, see," said she, laying her hand timidly on his arm and looking in the direction of the nearest frigate, "they send a boat with armed men; can they mean *you* harm?"

The Admiral turned, and seeing the frigate's boat approaching, answered:

"Indeed, my child, these Dutchmen are not inclined to see the game which they had at bay, thus rescued from their hands, and I bethink me that it is time we should move." So saying, he led the way to a little copse hard by, which, at first glance, seemed impenetrable, but under which, really, was an inlet of water. Beneath this copse was secreted a light shallop, into which the Admiral handed Elvellynne, and then stepped forth to reconnoiter.

The advancing party, composed of four marines and the boat's crew, under a Lieutenant, had already landed, and was but a short distance from the copse, when the Admiral stepped out, and, seeing him, the officer led on his men with a quicker

step. The Admiral, perceiving at once that no time was to be lost, stepped into the boat, and shoved out from the cop-pice. Immediately on seeing this, the officer led back his men to the boat, and commenced pursuit.

The frigates had separated, the one to which the boat belonged "lying by," at a little distance, while the other had hauled off, and was beating round the island. The pursuit, for a few moments, was very keen, but the Admiral had the advantage of a light boat and smooth water, and, consequently, gained on the pursuers.

He had reached half-way between the two islands, and was every moment shooting farther and farther beyond the chase, and Elvellynne began to look upon escape as certain, when a shot from the pursuing boat struck the old man in the right arm, passing through the arm into his side. The oar fell from his powerless grasp. For a moment he reeled, but gathering strength, regained his seat and sat erect!

"My father! oh! father, are you hurt?" cried Elvellynne, in a voice of agony, starting forward, and placing her hands on the old man's shoulder.

"Poh, poh, my child," answered Lowe, not willing that his daughter should know the extent of the injury, which he felt was indeed mortal; "poh, no! only a flesh wound in the arm, which I shall soon recover."

Satisfied with this assurance, though somewhat alarmed at the profuse flow of blood from the wound, and the momentary paleness which overspread her sire's face, the maiden began to cast about for some means, offering a prospect of escape; and, in her anxiety, tendered to the old man her feeble assistance, at the same time seizing an oar. He smiled faintly at her offer, and pointed over her shoulder to the soldiers, already stepping aboard of the frail fabric.

"Save him! Oh! spare him, he is my father!" cried Elvellynne, imploring the officer who commanded the boat.

"Duty, fair lady," replied the officer, politely and kindly "I regret that duty impels me to this unpleasant necessity could I accede to your request, I would."

"Oh, God!" muttered Elvellynne, and with clasped hands sunk down in the boat.

"Let the man who fired that shot, stand forth!" said the

Admiral, in a husky voice, but in a tone so deep, determined, and fierce, that it startled even the lifeless girl from her despair.

"Let him stand forth, I say!" repeated the old man, with difficulty raising himself with one hand, while the effort made the stream of life gush, bubbling from his side. The marine, under some secret influence, stepped forward.

"Traitor!" said the Admiral, as he recognized one who had ever partaken of his kindness, and whose life he had once saved at the hazard of his own:—"Traitor, base and false, take thy doom!" and, with a pistol which he drew from his bosom, the old man sent the betrayer to his last account. As the false soldier fell, he gasped with his last breath:

"He is—he is—the Earl of Clarendon! the pi—pi—pirate Lowe!" and expired.

"Ay, truly enough," bitterly exclaimed the old man, looking at the officer, who stood surprised, "the Earl of Clarendon, James Hyde, stands before you, and can expect, even from foreigners, more than from his own countrymen."

"But, but," muttered the officer in confusion, "some—some mistake, here. I—I—"

"No mistake, sir, whatever," returned the Admiral, languidly, and sinking back, "none. You see before you a man, who, driven from his own country, has attempted to lead from murder and bloodshed, the lawless rovers of the ocean. I am Admiral Lowe! and you, young man, will have the reward for taking me."

Here the Admiral, faint from loss of blood, could say no more, and sunk gently back, in which condition he, together with the lifeless form of Elvellynne, was transferred to the frigate's boat, and thence to the city.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DROP-SCENE.

It was soon noised throughout the gossiping little town that the far-famed pirate Lowe was at length taken, and through every mouth the story ran, with as many additions as each one chose to make, till every man, woman, and child, was desirous to see the famous rover. The Governor had ordered the Admiral to be confined in the stronghold within the fort, when he had been delivered up to the city authorities, not willing to trust so notorious a character in the cells of the Stadh Huys, from which it was well known that he had the year previous succeeded in the abduction of the Englishman.

Once more Elvellynne found shelter under the roof of her kind guardian, but with almost a broken heart. She had been separated from the Admiral when delivered to the Governor, and all her entreaties to be allowed to remain with him were unavailing. In the extremity of her grief the maiden applied to the Alderman, disclosing every thing to him, the rank and station of the prisoner, and her connection with him. The excellent man was as much grieved as surprised at her statement; and taking his hat and cane, immediately sallied forth and betook himself to the Governor, to whom he related the facts as he had heard them from the mouth of his ward. The Governor at once granted the Alderman's petition, and with tears in his eyes, promised that the prisoner should be recommended to the home government for mercy. At the same time he informed Alderman Von Brooter that this could the more readily be done, as a vessel had just arrived, bringing dispatches which declared that hostilities between the two powers had ceased, and that the port was now open to all English vessels.

Overjoyed at his success and the kindness of the Governor, and wishing that his ward should partake of the intelligence, the good Alderman hastened home to make it known to Elvellynne. As he turned into Princess street, he thought he

knew the figure on the *trottoir* before him, and hastened forward. The figure turned in at the gate, and before the door was opened, the Alderman stood by the side of Captain Vincent. They entered together, and proceeded to the little boudoir, where sat Elvellynne in the same chair which once before she had occupied with similar emotions of grief for her lover, who now stood before her. The good Alderman delayed a little till the first greeting was passed, and then entering, affectionately took the hand of the sorrow-stricken maiden, and told her she was at liberty to visit her father when and so often as she wished.

"Father! father!" exclaimed Vincent, in astonishment; "where is your father?"

"In prison," faintly answered Elvellynne, and covering her face with her hands, sunk back in the seat, overcome with tears. She had never yet told her lover further than that she was the daughter of the Earl of Clarendon; consequently Vincent was ignorant that Admiral Lowe and Lord Hyde was the same person. Too much overcome to make the disclosure, Elvellynne begged her kind guardian to tell him all, and, if he could no longer look upon her as he had regarded her when the poor unknown Elvellynne Montford, to absolve him from all obligations.

The Alderman beckoned the young officer aside, and informed him as Elvellynne had requested; but when he began to intimate that if he could not, with the same feelings, look upon the daughter of Admiral Lowe (or the Earl of Clarendon, as we shall now call him) as he had upon Elvellynne Montford, that she herself had authorized him to liberate him from all engagements, the young man abruptly turned from him, and clasped the weeping maiden in his arms. "Mine, and mine forever!" said he, and sealed the exclamation with a token of love.

Feeling himself to be now as much the child of the unfortunate earl as Elvellynne herself, Captain Vincent listened with equal attention to the words of the Alderman. He told Elvellynne that the Governor had readily consented to her visiting her father, and dwelt at some length and with strong hopes upon the Governor's proposition to recommend the prisoner to mercy. He consoled her as best he might with all

the tenderness of a father, and then led her forth to the prison.

As they were leaving the house a messenger arrived from the Governor, breathless with haste, to tell Elvellynne that the earl was suffering much from his wound, and wished to see her as soon as possible.

With this incentive they hastened on, and soon entered the fort. Vincent led the trembling girl within the stronghold, where lay the earl, supported on one hand by the faithful Paulus Spleutcher, and on the other by Governor Colve himself. The leech was administering some restorative to the dying man, and intimating with an ominous shake of the head, in reply to the Governor's question, that there was no longer any hope. The earl faintly opened his eyes, and with a motion signified that he would be alone with his child. Vincent would have withdrawn with the rest, but Lord Hyde slowly articulated his name, and he returned. They knelt by the old man—Elvellynne on one side, and Vincent on the other.

"My children," said he, in a weak, husky voice, "what is done must be done quickly. I am bound on a long passage," continued he, taking Vincent's hand, "and should like to see the 'yards square by the lifts and braces' before I go. Young man, do you love my daughter as you did?"

Affected by the scene, Vincent could only find words to reply, "I do."

"Then," continued the earl, "let a man of God be called, for I would see my child provided with a protector before I die; and who so meet to claim that right as a husband?"

The minister soon made his appearance. The earl took the hand of Elvellynne, and gently laid it within that of Vincent. "Take her, take her," said he, "as a dying bequest, and love her as she deserves to be loved. She has been a kind and affectionate child, and will be a good wife. Let the ceremony be performed, that I may die in peace."

The minister was for a moment too much overcome to read the service; but regaining somewhat his composure, he proceeded. Vincent held up the drooping girl, and amid her sobs and heart-rending moans the ceremony was completed.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the earl, in a faint voice, and fell back.

With a wild shriek Elvellynne sprung to his side, and received from his lips the dying kiss.

"My child! my daughter!" ejaculated the old man with his last breath, and gently sunk down.

"My father, speak! speak! oh, speak once more to your daughter!" cried Elvellynne, clasping the inanimate form, and wildly kissing the pallid lips; but there was no answer; and the youthful bride, overcome by the overpowering sensation of grief, fell senseless by the side of the corpse.

Vincent gently raised her, and saw that her garments were dyed with blood—'twas the blood of her dead father.

Years rolled by; time had touched with mellowed tints the recollections of sad events; but never did Admiral Vincent or his beautiful lady forget the prison-scene and the death-bed bridal. Even Paulus Spleutcher, who now held the dignity of *bon mari*, would often recount to the little Elvellynne as he led her about the pleasure-grounds, his recollections of her grandfather, which undeviatingly ended with, "Ah! but he was a good man, so he was, that same Admiral Lowe."

TO ISSUE JANUARY 3d.

A NOVEL AND CHOICE WORK

TO BE ADDED TO

Beadle's Dime School Series,

IS

DIME DIALOGUES NO. 3!

Edited by Dr. Louis Legrand.

Containing original and specially prepared dialogues, minor dramas, burlesques, mediettas, dramatic charades, dress scenes, etc., etc.—rendering it a companion volume to the previous highly-prized issues of this carefully-prepared series. A peculiar feature is a beautiful musical and floral drama,

THE MAY QUEEN,

AS RENDERED AT THE

Convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame, Cincinnati.

Which will admit, in its production, of the introduction on the stage of from twenty to forty young ladies and little misses. As a dress and floral scene, it is one of the most enchanting ever composed for the school stage. This is its first publication.

Schools, teachers, and parents should place this work in the hands of pupils. Besides being easily and readily adapted to any school, the pieces are full of literary interest, and will excite in scholars that spirit of emulation which is one of the best incentives to study and love of mental exercise. In this respect, BEADLE'S DIME SPEAKERS and DIALOGUES are *incomparable*.

For one of the most enjoyable and exhilarating tales of the day, the reader is referred to "The Willing Captive," elsewhere announced, comprising No. 3 of the new octavo series: BEADLE'S DIME FICTION. Its life sketches are perfectly inimitable; while its whimsical adventures, and its serio-comic accidents are better for the digestion than a whole dispensatory of tonics. Let those seeking for something good, and out of the usual line of "popular stories," secure a copy of "The Willing Captive," and become willing captives themselves to its laughable delineations.

Published Monthly.

New Series, No. 3.

BEADIE BROWN



In answer to the demands of the trade and the reading public, Beadle and Company have introduced this new series, in which it is proposed to produce a succession of novelties, printed in a style of unusual attractiveness. Having at command a corps of contributors of unequalled brilliancy and originality, the publishers will be enabled to present their readers with a very choice series of romance—unique in character, peculiar in story, and pervaded by a vein of humor which renders them *suoi generis*. Each number will, of course, be complete in itself. It is designed that the series shall become a standard of interest, commendable for its literary excellence, and unequalled in its quantity of matter for the price.

Number One.

THE MARKED BULLET;

OR,

The Squaw's Reprieve.

A Tale of Border Life.

BY GEORGE HENRY PRENTICE.

Few recent stories have excited more pleasant remark. The peculiar nature of the main incident, and the mystery in which it is involved, are only exceeded in their absorbing interest by the singular characters introduced, and their individual contributions to the events of the narrative. The author has, in this single work, established for himself an enviable reputation.

Number Two.

THE

OUTLAW BROTHERS,

OR,

The Captive of the Harpes.

A TALE OF THE

Early Kentucky Settlements.

BY JOHN J. MARSHALL.

The celebrated Harpe family are here brought into the foreground to play the part of principals in a tale of vivid interest and power. It is, literally, a "succession of novelties," and gives us such a photographic of early Kentucky life and experiences as will not be forgotten.

Number Three.

To issue January 17th

THE

WILLING CAPTIVE:

A ROMANCE OF THE OHIO RIVER.

BY J. STANLEY HENDERSON.

If the reader would "laugh and grow fat," he or she should secure this rare production. It is so perfectly typical of life "all the way from C-a-t-r-o to Tipton," that the laughable creations of "Solitaire" are again recalled. The story as a story is good enough to please all readers for the story's sake.